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PART LXXI.

SAVONAROLA :—CATHOLICISM IN THE FIFTEENTH AND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

IF the ridiculous is often akin to the sublime, it is certain that the grumbler is often identical with the idealist. In fact, idealism is practically more often allied with discontent than with good humour. Of the two classes into which habitual grumblers may be divided, those who grumble on principle are even more numerous than those who grumble from a simply ill-conditioned state of mind. The latter are the more undoubtedly disagreeable and the more undeniably selfish; but the former are often quite as irrational, and as thoroughly useless for all practical purposes, as those who perpetually find fault from sheer ill-temper and want of self-control.

The former class of idealists are, further, to be subdivided into two separate sections; those in whom the discontent predominates over the idealism, and those in whom the idealism predominates over the discontent. The former of these subdivisions are literally never satisfied, either in possession or in expectation. From the weather and their daily dinner up to the Supreme Head of the Catholic Church, all nature and humanity supply them with topics for bitter criticism. If the season is not too hot, it is too cold; if it is good for the wheat, it is bad for the turnips; if the roast beef is passable, the soup is detestable; if their coat fits tolerably, their boots are torture; if Mr. A. has one or two good qualities, Mrs. A. has none whatever; if such and such a mission is in a thriving state to-day, this time twelvemonths it will infallibly be overwhelmed with debt, dulness, and disunion; if Pius IX. is a great Pope spiritually speaking, his political experiments were an irremediable evil; nothing is perfect, therefore nothing is to be made the best of, appreciated, and honoured; and the

duty of a Christian man is to go chronically growling through life, doing nothing, because nothing can be done to perfection.

Our present affair, however, is not with these idealistic grumblers, but with their more amiable kindred, the discontented idealists. The phase of mind which is characteristic of this class, while unchanging itself, takes a varying form, according to the era of the world (or rather of the Church, for it is of the manifestations of this peculiarity, as it appears among Catholics, that we are chiefly speaking), in which it finds itself placed by Divine Providence. The discontented Catholic idealist has, at the same time, one unvarying notion; he prefers some past age of the Church to that in which he is himself living. Without exactly falling into the heresy which asserts that the Church has actually gone wrong, he is incessantly verging upon it, and needs repeated acts of faith in order to preserve himself from positive Protestantism. He passes his spiritual life in a perpetual dream of days gone by, when faith was strong and love ardent, and the Church scarcely militant, and salvation at once easy and poetic.

For some time past, the three centuries which immediately preceded the Reformation have been the popular *beau idéal* of Catholic history in the imaginations of persons of this stamp. While without the Church the Puseyite was dreaming of his patristic era of orthodoxy and perfection, and the Evangelical of his apostolical age of scriptural piety, within the Church the "Middle Age" has been the epoch of idealistic worship. For the most part the vision thus conjured up has been pictorial in its character; though now and then, as in the case of M. Gaume and his *Ver Rongeur*, the great glory of the Middle Age was its ignorance of Homer and Virgil, and all the wickedness of modern times came in with the *Selecta à Profanis*; as they say in Kent that the Goodwin Sands were caused by the building of Tenterden steeple, and as we have heard the potato-disease attributed to the introduction of guano and other "new-fangled" manures.

In general, however, our dissatisfied idealists believe that a species of millennium came in with the Salisbury cathedral, and went out with the dome of St. Peter's. Harassed, troubled, puzzled, and worried as we are in this nineteenth century, with Lord J. Russell and the *Times* newspaper outside the Church; and within the Church, with ugly chapels, an ignorant poor, a paucity of priests, seminaries in difficulties, badly printed books and very few of them, not to mention all those innumerable difficulties which beset the interior progress of the soul, with (it is supposed) peculiar force in these times,—how happy should we have been in those glorious days, with a Ca-

tholic king on the throne, a Catholic archbishop at Canterbury no Protestants (or only a few Wickliffites and Albigenses), splendid functions, processions out of doors without hindrance even from the weather (for your true idealist thinks it never rained in the good old days), thousands of monasteries, tens of thousands of monks and friars, every body orthodox and devoted to the Holy See, no plaster ornaments, no artificial flowers, no millinery on images, rood-screens every where; above all, no St. Peter's, but Gothic buildings universal, even in Rome itself. Who would not have been a Catholic in those days? How *could* the world have been not only so wicked, but so *stupid*, as to believe in Wickliffe, Huss, Luther, and Calvin, when all was so beautiful, so captivating; when a pious Catholic had nothing to do but go to Mass and Confession, say his prayers, and pass to heaven, cheered by such artistic beauty as the world had never seen, and untroubled by Protestant preachers, heretical kings, idle or apostate priests, and blasphemous newspapers?

Now, were this species of dreaming lamentation a mere speculative theory, unproductive of any serious results on the mind and actions of those who thus mourn the past, we should have nothing to say to it, beyond expressing our wonder that when people want visions, they do not go to Dante and the poets, rather than create a sham history for their own special delectation. Unhappily, however, this is not so. A Catholic cannot play tricks with Church history without injury to himself and others, any more than a sailor can play tricks with the mariner's compass without risk of shipwreck, and certainty of loss of time and labour. From this visionary belief in a state of things which *never* existed, either in the middle age or any other age, there follows this pernicious result, that we forget that Jesus Christ is always with His Church, and that the first duty of a Catholic is to throw himself heartily, voluntarily, and (if he is of a speculative turn) consciously, into the mind of the Church, as she now is manifesting her divine powers, and working for the salvation of souls. An habitual state of mind is fostered, which is in the truest sense of the word *unhealthy*. We do justice to nobody; we expend an enormous amount of labour, time, and money, and are astonished at the little profit it brings; we are ever criticising, fault-finding, unsympathising with whatever is not precisely in harmony with our own hobby; and so go through life astonished and vexed to find that we have not been able to transform the Church militant into a Church triumphant, by means of the wonderful panacea which we had imagined to be the cure for all our ills.

For this unhealthy disposition to bewail an imaginary past, the best remedy is a course of plain unvarnished facts. A visionary mind is always an uninformed, or a naturally twisted one. With the latter malformation we are not concerned. When a man *cannot* see things as they are or as they were, it is as bootless to reason with him as to try to paint a picture with a pair of green spectacles on our eyes. For those, however, who are visionary from mere defective information, there is ever the ready cure—history; not doctored and cooked, either for the Protestant palate or the Catholic palate; but real history, such as it is to those who wish to know, not only a part of the truth, but the whole truth. We propose, therefore, to glance at an episode in the Church history of the fifteenth century, by way of convincing those who “weep the days gone by,” that a Catholic had *at least* as many difficulties to surmount in winning eternal life in the middle ages as in this unbelieving century. The particular episode in question is suggested by the publication of a new life* of one of the most extraordinary men of whom Catholic history speaks,—the Dominican friar, Girolamo Savonarola, who was hanged and burnt by the Florentines, with the sanction of Pope Alexander VI., under suspicion of heresy, and for undoubted disobedience, and ten years afterwards painted by Raffaele among the doctors of the Church in the Vatican, under the eye of Pope Julius II. himself.

There are, indeed, some who think that the horrors and scandals of such times should be buried, as far as may be, in oblivion; and that the interests of the Catholic religion are best served by saying as little as may be of such popes as Alexander VI., and of such enormities as afflicted the Church in the days of St. Bernard or St. Gregory VII. They believe that it is bad for the faith of Catholics, and tends to justify the unbelief of Protestants, to read of lust, murder, simony, and every abomination perpetrated by men who ought to have been examples of all virtues to mankind. And so far we agree with them, that we would anxiously conceal the sins of *any* Christian, especially those holding any sacred office, when they are not already known, and when justice or charity do not demand their publication. But this is far different from timidly shrinking from looking the great facts of universally-known history in the face. Far from doing good, such timidity, we are persuaded, works not a little harm. Protestants fancy that we are afraid of the truth, and are confirmed

* The Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola, illustrative of the History of Church and State Connexion. By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A., Author of “Travels in Turkey, Syria, and Palestine,” &c. 2 vols. London: Newby.

in their grand conviction that Catholicism is one huge system of imposture and fraud. Ill-instructed Catholics are staggered when the wickednesses of other times are thrown in their teeth, and know not what to say, or (far worse) what to think, when they are asked how an Alexander VI. could be the representative of Jesus Christ on earth?

Yet how stands the truth? Are we Catholics, or are we fanatics? Do we believe that the true Church has none in her but saints, and that the sacrament of orders confers an immunity from temptation and sin? Has Almighty God set up the Church for our glory or for His own? In His inscrutable wisdom has it not pleased Him to place the treasures of His grace in earthen vessels, that all may see that it is not human wisdom, or human sanctity, or a human priesthood, or a human hierarchy, or a human pontificate, that saves the soul, but *only His grace*; that *all* the glory may be ascribed to Him, and none to man? When do the divine origin, the divine power, the divine doctrine, and the divine gifts of the Catholic Church shine forth with more astonishing splendour, than when she appears stricken within and without, humbled, chastised, afflicted in the person of her highest governors, but not forsaken by God? Who that reads her history for eighteen centuries can fail to perceive that if she had been dependent on the cunning of man for support, she must have perished in her infancy? Who that knows her inner history now, as Catholics know it, and as *Protestants do not*, can help observing, that of all the preposterous inventions of ignorance and folly, the notion that Catholicism is kept up by the devices of human genius and wisdom is the most utterly preposterous and nonsensical? Where is he, in any age, be he layman, priest, monk, bishop, or pope, whose steps are not marked by infirmities or sins; whose every word and every act do not proclaim that great truth of our faith, at once so humbling and so consolatory, that we live by the grace of the Sacraments of Jesus Christ, and not by man, or man's learning, or man's piety, or man's labours?

We contemplate, therefore, the scandals of the apostolic age, of the dark ages, of the middle ages, of modern times, and of this very hour, with sorrowful but not disturbed hearts; for we know that while the strength of heresy lies in the personal pretensions of its supporters, the life of the Church of Jesus Christ is the grace and presence of Jesus Christ Himself. With all the gifts which her Lord has granted her, with all her miracles, with all the virtues of her children, whether saints or ordinary Christians, the Church never ceases to repeat, in undying fervour, the saying of him who first pointed

out the glories of the Messias—" *He must increase, but I must decrease.*"

To turn, then, to Savonarola and his age. This remarkable man was born at a time when the influences to which the Church was subjected during the middle ages were bearing their natural fruit. The thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries were pre-eminently the period of the temporal prosperity of the Christian faith. We do not, we entreat our readers to bear in mind, deny that this era was also a period of striking spiritual prosperity, as compared with one or more other eras in Church history. It had great saints, great theologians, great laymen, and no doubt there existed also throughout Christendom a considerable degree of that average private personal faith and virtue, without which no epoch, however illustrious for its saints and doctors, can be fairly called a spiritually prosperous age. So, too, the middle age bore the mark of the Cross on its forehead, in a sense peculiar to itself. *The world* called itself Catholic; kings, princes, national and municipal laws, customs, amusements, all spoke the language of Christianity; the very jests, even unlawful jests themselves, borrowed the phrases and ideas of the gospel, and by their abuse of sacred things did homage to the existence of Almighty God and to His presence in His Church. Now, the age pretends to respect Christianity, but questions its reality; then, the world's sin lay in accepting Christianity as divine, but disobeying its precepts. Then, worldly men not only professed faith, but *had* faith, without its works; now, the world glories in good works, but they are its own works, and it boasts that they *are* its own works, and not of faith.

Hence followed this grand characteristic of the middle age, as distinguished from more modern times, that abominations were incessantly committed *within* the Church, which now would ordinarily drive their perpetrators into the scoffing, persecuting world without. As during our Lord's visible presence on earth, the apostolic college itself supplied the "son of perdition," so, in the mediæval times, there was nothing too sacred to be safe from crimes which fill us with bewilderment, who live in this season of propriety and decorum. There is scarcely an atrocity which is now perpetrated by Protestants and infidels against the Church and her holy things, which has not been paralleled in repeated instances by the enormities of Catholics themselves, under circumstances which added to their guilt, and now add to our horror, in the ages of faith. As he had done in the days of Hildebrand and the days of St. Bernard, the devil (if we may so say) found his way *into* the Church, and before the very altar of God inflamed the passions of his

votaries, and dishonoured the sacramental presence of Him whose mortal life he took by the instrumentality of the Jewish priesthood.

Various circumstances combined, no doubt, to produce this extraordinary state of affairs. First came the ruin of the Roman empire, when the Church saved society, and every thing that is temporally valuable to man. Then followed the contest between the Church and the kings of this world, not in their character of persecutors, like the old emperors of Rome, but as *kings*. The kings fell in the conflict, and the prophecy of Isaias was fulfilled: "*Kings shall be thy nursing-fathers, and queens thy nurses: they shall worship thee with their face toward the earth, and they shall lick up the dust of thy feet.*" Boundless riches, then, were poured into the lap of the Church. Satan, foiled in the battle-field, put forth his craft in the treasury. He could not strike down the Church; could he purchase her? *We* know that he could not; but *he* imagined it might be done, and he knew that at the least she would suffer from the possession of enormous wealth. And thus it fell out. The Church appeared in a robe of temporal magnificence such as she had never worn before. Art laid its treasures at her feet. Her revenues could scarcely be counted. The magnificence of her buildings has never been equalled in later days. All the beauty that a most luxurious architecture could devise was lavished on the homes of monks and friars vowed to poverty. Pius IX. is a pauper compared to hundreds of the mediæval prelates. That many of these things were hallowed by a pure and Christian intention, no one can doubt. In profession, at least, it was all for the greater glory of God. But, alas, the Church was *too* rich! Every where the natural results followed. The world began to be loved. Laxity prevailed, even in the sons of Dominick and Francis, to a fearful extent. Ecclesiastical functions were bought and sold, till the sin of simony cried out for a new Hildebrand. At length a pope was placed in the chair of Peter stained with the worst crimes, and whose unceasing aim was to protect his own illegitimate son, a perfect monster of iniquity, in the commission of his outrages against God and man. In vain, as it seemed, saints and pious persons prayed and strove for amendment of manners. A visitation was at hand, unexampled in its suddenness and severity; and not till then would the prayers of the many faithful ones, who were hoping for the renovation of the Church, and not for her destruction, be wonderfully answered. Nowhere was the evil of riches shown more lamentably than in our own country. Early in the age of wealth, a king of England could murder an Archbishop of Canterbury in his own

cathedral, while scarcely a voice was raised by his brother-prelates in execration of the crime. And similar was the paralysing effect of wealth among us, until the day when Satan whispered in the ear of Henry VIII., "Marry Anne Boleyn, and set up your own supremacy against Rome; the clergy will not stand by the Pope at the cost of their power and revenues."

But meanwhile, as we know well, the corruptions of the time roused many a voice to reclaim the disobedient children of the Church to their duties. Among the last of these, prior to the "Reformation" period, was the accomplished, the pious, the zealous, the orthodox, but, alas, the disobedient Dominican, Fra Girolamo Savonarola. He was born at Ferrara, in 1452, of an ancient and honourable family. His grandfather was eminent as a physician, and a writer on physical science. Young Savonarola entered life at a time when men's minds were in an almost universal ferment, social, intellectual, moral, and theological. The study of Catholic theology was not then the comparatively easy task which it is now, since the mighty work accomplished by the council of Trent, and the production of the innumerable treatises to which modern times have given birth. There existed but one great *systematic* theological guide. Happily this was of a character which subsequent ages have never surpassed, even if they have equalled it. If the thirteenth century had St. Thomas Aquinas alone to boast of, it would shine in all ages as an epoch in the history of Christianity. Unhappily, however, opinion in the middle ages with respect to St. Thomas was not precisely what it is now. What Catholic theologian *now* would speak of St. Thomas with any thing but the profoundest veneration? In our eyes, it is as in a race, when one competitor reaches the goal before his opponents are yet in sight. St. Thomas is wreathed with the laurel of victory, and the rest of the mediæval controversialists are, with scarcely an exception, nowhere. But in St. Thomas's lifetime, and for more than 200 years afterwards, the study of theology was conducted amidst a storm of metaphysical controversy, perpetually trenching on theology itself; and Aristotle's philosophy was treated almost as a revelation from the Divinity. But of all these giants of polemics, where, save Peter Lombard, is there even a companion to St. Thomas? Where is Albertus Magnus? Where Duns Scotus? Where Durandus? Happily for himself, young Savonarola, from the first, saw and appreciated the unrivalled claims of St. Thomas.

His natural qualifications are thus described by Mr. Madden:—

“All historians who treat of Savonarola are agreed on one point, that his youth was full of promise, and of evidence of great virtues, as well as extraordinary intellectual endowments. And all those who make themselves acquainted with his history and his writings become convinced that he possessed a singular combination of qualities, fitted to constitute an eminently great and heroic man, destined to influence the most important events of his time; and as the master-spirit of his age, to make not only a powerful impression on the minds of his fellow-men of his own age and country, but to leave a lasting impression on the minds of men of succeeding ages throughout the civilised world.

“He possessed all the qualities which one might expect at the hands of nature, for a man to whom a great mission had been given by Divine Providence. His physical conformation was adapted to the office, and fitted for the labours of a reformer.

“Though of a sanguineous temperament, and his nervous system most delicately organised, rendering him remarkably susceptible of external impressions, and sensitive even to atmospherical influences, he possessed bodily strength and robustness, that made him capable of enduring great fatigues, of going through extraordinary labours. He possessed, moreover, a penetrating spirit, an ardent love of truth and justice, natural feelings that were affectionate, kind, and pitiful. He had strong sympathies with poverty and suffering, and equally strong antipathies for pride, oppression, and meanness of every kind.”

He early wrote poetry, of a religious and plaintive character, and giving promise of the poetic power afterwards displayed in his *Laude*, some of which Mr. Madden has given in unusually good translations.

“We are told,” writes Mr. Madden, “that he was a silent, joyless child, given to seclusion—that he shared neither in the amusements nor occupations of young people of his age; that he arrived at the age of twenty without ever having been seen in the fashionable resort for the citizens of Ferrara, the public promenade.

“One of his biographers, however, says that he had been strongly attached to a young lady of Ferrara; but how or when that attachment ceased, no information is given.

“The latest of his biographers, Monsieur Carle, justly observes, that the peculiar qualities of the young Savonarola, however calculated they were to fit the future man for enterprises of great pith and moment, are still indicative of a destiny

that may well make the parents of such children thoughtful, if not apprehensive, in regard to their future career.

“The young Girolamo grew up to manhood in a world of his own creation, of deep thoughts and solemn meditation on subjects of grave importance to the eternal interest of humanity. One opinion of his mind, from a very early period of his career, from his first entrance into college life, was a profound conviction of the vanity of all earthly honours and enjoyments.

“This peculiar turn of his mind was noticed but mistaken by some of those around him, as similar peculiarities in young people are too frequently noticed and mistaken. He was supposed to be melancholy, misanthropical, over-studious, too much reserved, too little disposed to demonstrate his feelings and inward emotions. And those who thought thus were little able to appreciate his mental qualities, or to form a just opinion of the height and depths of his great intellect. . . .

“For the same reasons, then, for which Socrates abstained from frequenting public assemblies, courts, and senates, and from motives also of a far more exalted character, Savonarola determined on seeking an asylum from the perils by which he felt that not only his own soul, but the whole social fabric was beset, and even religion itself was menaced, in those disastrous times in which his youth was cast, with all its enthusiasm and exaltation, its longing aspirations after good, and abhorrence for every thing sordid, selfish, and profane.

“A monastic community alone appeared to him to afford such an asylum.

“He earnestly desired to be permitted to spend his days in a convent; but so great was his humility, and so exalted his ideas of the perfection which was required for the priestly character, that he deemed himself unworthy of sacred orders, and entertained no intention of taking them, when he resolved on retiring from the world.

“The choice of a religious order was determined by his admiration for his favourite author, St. Thomas of Aquinas. Of his early feelings of reverence for ‘the Angel of the Schools,’ we may form some idea from a passage in one of his sermons long after he had joined his order, wherein he proclaimed his obligation to St. Thomas for whatever knowledge or science he possessed, in these terms:—

“‘I am almost nothing, and even that little which I am, I possess because I have kept within the influence of his doctrine. He was truly profound; and when I want to become small in my own eyes, I read his works, and then it appears to me that he is a giant, and I nothing.’

“The idea which had been long floating in his mind, of

relinquishing the world, and dedicating himself wholly to the service of religion, was at length confirmed, and converted into a settled purpose, by a sermon of a monk of the Augustinian Ermitano order, an ascetic of some celebrity in the pulpit, and also by a sudden impulse which had been communicated to his mind in a dream, which some of his biographers speak of as a supernatural intimation of his vocation for a monastic life. .

“On the 23d of April, 1475, Savonarola, then in his twenty-third year, a young man of fair prospects, of fine talents, and more than ordinary proficiency in science and learning, abandoning the world, home, parents, friends, and all earthly goods, quitted his father's house for the asylum of a cell in a convent of Dominicans.

“He was accompanied by a young man, a native of Bologna, named Ludovico, a member of the Dominican order, the only person to whom the secret of his flight had been communicated. His intention at departure was to enter into the Dominican convent at Bologna as a lay-brother, and as such to take up his permanent abode there.

“He told John Francis Pico de Mirandola, in after-years, that it was his firm intention not to assume the clerical habit when he entered the convent, so repugnant to him was the prevailing taste among ecclesiastics for mere human knowledge, and the occupation of their time in futile disputations and distinctions in terms, definitions of attributes, and the strife of contested opinions.

“The Dominicans gladly received the young Girolamo as a lay-brother; but the qualities of his mind, and the spiritual gifts of the young man, were no sooner known to his superiors, than their pleasure was intimated that he should receive the clerical habit, and the duty of obedience made it incumbent on him to adopt it.”

Thus, in the ages of faith themselves, the faith of Catholics was not always sufficient to enable them to give up a child to Almighty God. How few of us, when we wander through the desecrated glories of Westminster, York, or Canterbury, and picture to ourselves the Catholic splendours which once gave those magnificent places all their true life and meaning, are prepared to recollect that in those superb days it was necessary for a son (and that not an only son, for Savonarola had four brothers, two of them older than himself, and two sisters) to write the following letter to his father. We venture to say that in this age of unbelief, in this country of few Catholics and many Protestants, it rarely happens in *any* Catholic family that such a letter, and such a flight from a parent's wishes, would be needed by those whom God calls to the religious life.

“I doubt not,” writes the young Savonarola, “but that you are greatly grieved at my departure, and the more so on account of that departure being kept a secret from you; but I wish you to learn my mind and intention from this letter, that you may be comforted, and understand that I have not acted so childishly as some think. And, first, I beg of you, as of one who justly estimates temporal things, that you will be guided by truth rather than by passion, as women are, and that you will judge according to the dictates of reason whether I ought to fly from the world, and execute this my thought and purpose. The reason which induces me to dedicate myself to religion is this: in the first place, the great wretchedness of the world, the iniquity of men, the debauchery, the adultery, the theft, the pride, the idolatry, the dreadful profaneness into which this age has fallen, so that one can no longer find a righteous man. For this, many times a day with tears I have recited this verse:—‘Ah, fly those cruel regions—fly those shores of covetousness!’ And this, because I could not endure the great wickedness of certain parts of Italy; the more also, seeing virtue exhausted, trodden down, and vice triumphant. This was the greatest suffering I could have in this world: therefore, daily I entreated of my Lord Jesus Christ, that He would raise me from the mire. Continually I made my prayer, with the greatest devotion, to God, saying, ‘Show me the path in which I should walk; for to Thee do I lift up my soul.’

“Now God has been pleased in His infinite mercy to show it me, and I have received it, though unworthy of such grace. Answer me then, is it not a great good for a man to fly from the iniquity and filth of this wretched world, and to live like a rational being, and not like a mere animal among swine? Indeed, it would have been in me most ungrateful, if, having asked God to show me the straight path in which I should walk, when He deigned to show it to me, I had not taken it! O Jesus, rather let me die a thousand deaths, than that I should be so ungrateful as to oppose Thy will.

“Then, my dearest father, you have rather to thank our Jesus than to weep; He gave you a son, and has not only preserved him to some extent from evil to the age of twenty-two years, but has vouchsafed to choose him for His soldier. And do you not consider it a great mercy to have a son made so easily a soldier of Christ? Either you love me, or you do not; well, I know you will not say you do not love me; if then you love me, as I have two parts, my soul and my body, do you most love my soul or my body? You cannot answer, my body, for then your affection would not be for me, but for

the vilest part of me ; if then you love my soul best, why not seek the welfare of the soul ? Thus, you should rather rejoice and exult in this triumph. Nevertheless I know it cannot be but that the flesh must grieve ; still, it should be restrained by reason, especially by wise and magnanimous men like you. Do you not think it is a great affliction to me to be separated from you ? Yes, indeed, believe me, never since I was born had I greater sorrow and anguish of mind than in abandoning my own father, and going among strangers to sacrifice my body to Jesus Christ, and to give up my own will into the hands of those I never knew. But afterwards reflecting on what God is, and that He does not disdain to make of us poor worms His servants, I could not have been so daring as not to yield to that kind voice, especially to my Lord Jesus, who says, ‘Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest ; take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me ; for My yoke is easy and My burden is light.’ Because I know you lament that I left you secretly, almost as a fugitive, let me tell you that such was my distress and the suffering of my inmost soul at having to leave you, that if I had expressed it, I verily believe before I could have departed from you, my heart would have broken, and I should have changed my purpose and resolution ; therefore do not wonder that I did not tell you. It is true I left behind the books which are placed against the window certain writings which give you an account of my proceedings. I beg you then, my dearest father, to cease to weep, give me not more sadness and grief than I have : not of regret for what I have done, for indeed I would not revoke that, though I expected to become greater than Cæsar Augustus ; but because I am of flesh, as you are, and sense is repugnant to reason, and I must maintain a cruel warfare, that the devil may not seize hold of me, particularly when I think of you. Soon will these days pass, in which the recent calamity will appear as it now does ; and afterwards I trust both you and I shall be consoled in this world by grace, and in the next by glory. Nothing remains but that I beseech you that, as a man of a strong mind, you would comfort my mother, whom I beg, together with you, that you will bestow your blessing on me, and I will ever pray fervently for your souls.

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA, YOUR SON.”

From the day on which he entered the cloister, Savonarola is declared by his biographers to have been an example to all around him in the fulfilment of the duties of a “true monk.” Some passages from the life of him, written by Bur-
lamacchi, first one of his converts, and afterwards a Dominican

friar, will be read with interest. Like very many others, both clergy and laity, Burlamacchi regarded him with an extraordinary degree of affection and veneration.

"Considering," says Burlamacchi, "the mode of living, and the manners of the monks of his age, and comparing them with those of great numbers of the early Christians, and of the monks of Egypt, there appeared to him to be a wide difference between them,—seeing so many of his contemporaries intent on enriching churches, and constructing magnificent convents; and a vast number of others occupying themselves in vanities of various kinds, and especially in applying themselves more to the study of Aristotle's philosophy than to the holy Scriptures.

"On account of those things," says Burlamacchi, "he was grievously afflicted, he having still to perform the duties of reader and teacher of philosophy, and other profane sciences. Those duties he performed from obedience most promptly, and with great satisfaction, endeavouring, however, always to avoid reviving vain and useless questions, and reducing his instruction, as much as lay in his power, to the simplicity of the Christian faith. But at the end of every labour he turned to the sacred Scriptures with such assiduity, that all the canonical books became perfectly familiar to him. Evidence was given of the fact of that familiar knowledge with them, subsequently, in his preaching, and in his admirable manner of expounding those sacred writings.

"I have to observe," continues Burlamacchi, "in this place, that at the commencement of his career in the pulpit, he had neither voice, gesture, nor any manner (or style) that was suitable and fit for such an exercise of his functions. So that there was nothing whatever agreeable in his delivery, nor was any person pleased with it.

"But by a special gift of God, subsequently he became a wonderful and admirable preacher, being endowed with an extraordinary power of attracting attention, and also of exciting interest in any matter that was the subject of his discourse.

"On one occasion, when he was going by water from Ferrara to Mantua, he found himself in a boat with eighteen soldiers, who were indulging in ribaldry and filthy conversation. He begged to be allowed to say a few words to them, and having obtained their permission, he addressed some observations to them, exhorting them to change their mode of life and habits; but he had not spoken long, when they gathered round him, threw themselves at his feet, and confessed to him their sins, accusing themselves of many grievous crimes, having been many years without frequenting the sacraments, and

with many supplications and tears they humbly asked his pardon.

“The vow of poverty was never more strictly observed by monk of any order than by Fra Girolamo. When he entered the convent, he abandoned all worldly goods, with the exception of some clothing and a few religious books. He took a pleasure in using the very coarsest materials in his clothing, the simplest quality and most sparing quantity of food for his nourishment. . . .

“He reproved good-humouredly the little tendencies to vanity which he observed in his brethren. On one occasion, two abbés of the order of St. Benedict visited him, attired in habits unusually ample, and of finer materials than were customarily used by their order. Savonarola, after glancing at the flowing garments, spoke of the spirit of poverty which belonged to the religious orders. The Benedictines hoped there was nothing contrary to it in their habits, inasmuch as it was found that the finer was the cloth, and the larger was the dress, the longer did it last. Fra Girolamo, smiling, said it was a pity St. Benedict and St. Bernard had not been acquainted with that fact, and had not founded on it a new rule of economy.”

Soon after his profession he was made novice-master, and in 1478 he began to give lessons in theology. In 1482, under the fear of a Venetian invasion, the Dominican convent of Ferrara was dispersed, and the convent of San Marco, at Florence, afterwards so renowned for its paintings by Beato Angelico and Fra Bartolommeo, was assigned to Savonarola as his residence. He was immediately made professor of divinity, —*maestro di divinità*,—and the same year was appointed to preach the Lent sermons in the church of San Lorenzo. His preaching proved an utter failure. His manner was unfortunate, his voice without modulation; every thing was against him: and after a time, not a hundred people came to hear his sermons. His superiors then sent him to instruct the novices in various convents in Lombardy, for three years and a half; and he then spent four years in the convent at Brescia.

In the year 1484 we have the first indications of that change in his mind and conduct which ultimately gave rise to the most vehement discussions. He preached a sermon at Brescia, in which he announced that he had received a revelation of a signal judgment of God to fall upon the people of Brescia. That he preached such a sermon appears certain; and that the terrible prediction *was* accomplished, sixteen years afterwards, is an historical fact. At this point of his life, however, we must for the present conclude, adding only,

that in 1490 he was again sent to Florence, and established at San Marco in the office of "master of sciences, and instructor of the community in the ways of the Lord."

[To be concluded in our next.]

CATHOLIC HYMNOLOGY: A LOST SEQUENCE FOUND.

It has always been known that the author of the incomparable *Dies iræ*, Thomas Celano, a Franciscan friar, friend and disciple of St. Francis, composed also two other hymns or sequences. Wadding, the Franciscan annalist, had told us this fact concerning him, and had given us the titles of the hymns: *Fregit victor virtualis*, and *Sanctitatis nova signa*. Up to the present day, however, they were not known to be in existence. Much anxiety had always been felt to discover these lost sequences: all the world agreed that, even when discovered, they could add but little to the fame of him who wrote the *Dies iræ*, that masterpiece of Church song; few feared that they would detract from his merit. A popular writer on hymnology* did much, in his sphere, to stimulate a search for these sequences. Just two years ago he wrote to encourage a move in that direction. He stated, "The author of the *Dies iræ* left two other proses, which are at present lost, though there seems a fair hope that further researches may disinter them. It would be a glorious achievement to recover these; and those who have the opportunity would do well to examine such foreign missals as may fall in their way for this purpose. If there is one place in Europe where they are more likely than another to be found, it is the abbey of St. Gall, in Switzerland; and it may be an encouragement to know that, within the last few years, several very fine sequences of Abelard, previously supposed lost, have been discovered in the royal library at Brussels." The same writer goes on to conjecture concerning them, that the *Sanctitatis nova signa* was a hymn in honour of St. Francis, and the *Fregit victor virtualis* an Easter sequence. This last conjecture, as we shall presently see, has not been verified by the result. Mr. Trench's, on the contrary, has proved to be more correct. That gentleman, however, unlike Mr. Neale, could not regret the loss of the hymns without accompanying it with disparaging remarks. "One can learn only with a deep regret," says he, "that two other

* Mr. Neale.

hymns were composed by the same author, which have now perished, or if they still exist, lie hidden somewhere altogether out of sight of man. Our sense of their loss is in part diminished by the extreme probability which the first line of at least one of the hymns, in connexion with the known circumstances of the writer's life, suggests, that these two were not, like the *Dies iræ*, poems of a world-wide interest, but rather the glorifyings of his great patron and friend."

We are happy to say that one of these lost sequences has lately been found, and has just been published, along with many others now for the first time made public, in the *Sequentiæ ineditæ* of the Ecclesiological Society. It was found in a small 8vo ms., of date about 1400, in the national library at Lisbon. The ms. in question has French rubrics, and must have belonged to some Franciscan monastery in that kingdom. From it is copied the *Prosa de beato Francisco*, which, we think, will not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Rambler*.

Prosa de beato Francisco.

- 1 Fregit victor virtualis,
Hic Franciscus triumphalis,
Crucis adversarium :
- 2 Crucis lator cordialis,
Princeps pugnae spiritalis,
Insignis amantium.
- 3 Quem præmisit Rex futurus,
Pugnaturus, prævisurus,
Celebri consilio.
- 4 Præmunivit ut securus,
Suis armis congressurus,
Salubri præsidio.
- 5, 7, 9, 11 Chorus.
Dicās nobis, O Francisce,
Cur affixus sis in cruce ?
- 6 Quia crucis contemplator
Atque carnis supplantator
Semper fui sedulus.
Dicās nobis, &c.
- 8 Quia mundi abdicator,
Atque crucis imitator,
Vitæ Christi bajulus.
Dicās nobis, &c.
- 10 Amor Jesu me accendens,
Atque dulcor cor absorbens,
Auxit desideria.
Dicās nobis, &c.
- 12 Sursum fixâ mente tendens
Vidi Jesum infra fervens,
Specie seraphicâ.

- 13, 15, 17, 19 Chorus.
 Dic Francisce, quid fecisti
 Postquam Jesum aspexisti ?
- 14 Dulcem Jesum quo ardebam,
 E vicino distinguebam,
 Aspectu seraphico :
 Dic Francisce, &c.
- 16 Grato vultu æstuabam,
 Et effectum excedeabam,
 Affectu mirifico.
 Dic Francisce, &c.
- 18 Alis senis convellatus,
 Plagis quinis sauciatus,
 Totus dire cruentatus ;
 Sic erat insignitus.
 Dic Francisce, &c.
- 20 Mox amore stimulatus,
 Et dolore conclavatus,
 In dilectum immutatus,
 Innovatur spiritus.
- 21, 23 Chorus.
 Dic Francisce, quid fecisti
 Contemplando plagas Christi ?
- 22 Mente mire inflammari,
 Et sic carnem sigillari,
 Ac dilecti transformari
 In fulgidam speciem.
 Dic Francisce, &c.
- 24 Manus, pedes conclavari,
 Dextrum latus lanceari,
 Christum servum inaitari,
 In suâ effigie.
- 25 Chorus.
 Dic Francisce, crucifère
 In te signa scimus vere ?
- 26 Certe multis argumentis
 Constat forma Redimentis.
- 27, 29 Chorus.
 Dic nobis, Francisce,
 Quid vidisti in cruce ?
- 28 Filium Dei viventis,
 Crucifixum pro amore gentis.
 Dic nobis, Francisce, &c.
- 30 Christum clavis conclavatum,
 Caput ejus spinis coronatum.
- 31 Chorus.
 Credendum est magis soli Francisco veraci
 Quam mundanorum turbæ fallaci.
 Scimus Christum pertulisse mortem crucis vere.
 Tu nobis, victor Rex, miserere.
 Alleluia.

This sequence, it will be readily acknowledged, possesses very great merit. The sweet flow of the verses, the change

from the double to the triple rhyme, the arrangement of question and answer kept up by the chorus, and the graphic description contained in it, present us with a picture, painted in words, of St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, in no way inferior to the wall-painting of the same subject by Giotto in the upper church at Assisi. The music is given with it in the place already referred to. How little the spirit of this beautiful sequence has been understood by those who have recovered it for us, is plain from the remarks of the editor. "This sequence," says he, "is to be considered in the light of a literary curiosity, rather than possessing any great merit. Thomas Celano seems to have been of the number of those who have one inspiration only, the present composition being scarcely of second-rate merit." The plain English of this verbiage is, that the Protestant editorial stomach is thrown into a bilious derangement at the sound of verses in honour of a saint.

One remark suggested by this sequence is, that it is a curious example of what we may call a *mixed* sequence. In our last article on this subject,* we stated that there were two kinds of sequences—the Notkerian and the Victorine: the Notkerian, or syllabic kind, being those in which the principle of the metre is syllabic—*i. e.* certain of the verses being in correspondence, and having an equal number of syllables; and the Victorine, or rhythmical kind, in which the versification is regular and in rhyme. Since the year 1100, the terms *sequence* and *prose* have been *usually* synonymous, though not always so; for it has been often customary to call the syllabic kind more commonly *proses*, and the rhythmical kind more commonly *sequences*. In this *Prosa de beato Francisco* we have both the syllabic and the rhythmical verse mixed together; the two concluding strophes being syllabic, and all the rest rhythmical.

Another obvious remark is, that the author of this prose must have had the *Victimæ paschali* in his mind whilst composing it; even more than that, he has borrowed from it several turns of expression. The *Dic nobis, Maria, quid vidisti in via?* evidently suggested the *Dic nobis, Franciscæ, quid vidisti in cruce?* And the 10th verse of the *Victimæ paschali*, *Credendum est magis soli Mariæ veraci quam Judæorum turbæ fallaci*, [a verse which, though now omitted, belongs to the original prose,] must without doubt claim paternity to the penultimate verse of the present sequence. Equally clear is it that the *Scimus Christum surrexisse a mortuis vere, tu nobis, victor Rex, miserere*, bears the same relation to the

* Rambler, vol. x. p. 219.

concluding verse. The repetition also in the *Victimæ paschali* of the chorus, *Dic nobis, Maria, quid vidisti in via*, after the 3d, 5th, and 7th verses, establishes another connexion between the two sequences. This *Prosa de beato Francisco* seems also to have been such a well-known and popular sequence as to have served as a model for others. We need only instance the *Surgit Christus cum trophæo* to show that it has been modelled after the one in question. Two or three imitations in it will suffice to show this:

Dic, Franciscæ, quid fecisti
Postquam Jesum aspexisti?
Dic, Franciscæ, quid fecisti
Contemplando plagas Christi?
Certe multis argumentis
Constat forma Redimentis.

Dic, Maria, quid fecisti
Postquam Christum amisisti?
Dic, Maria, quid fecisti
Contemplando crucem Christi?
Certe multis argumentis
Signa vidi resurgentis.

Religion has always made use of painting, music, and poetry as her three handmaids. The power and efficacy of the first two may be witnessed to this day in their full efficiency and combination in the church of Assisi. And we cannot conceive any thing of this kind more imposing than to have heard the monks of St. Francis, on the feast of his Stigmata, either in the lower church at Assisi, painted by Cimabue with the records of the life of the patriarch, or in the upper church, decorated with Giotto's thirty-eight frescoes, singing in alternate choirs the beautiful sequence now rediscovered.

In conclusion, we may express a wish that the third sequence of the same author may soon be discovered. In all probability, some manuscripts in the monastic library at Assisi may contain it; and we would urge upon those now in Italy, or likely soon to proceed thither, to make every possible search for the *Sanctitatis nova signa*.

Reviews.

ST. GREGORY AND ST. ANSELM.

Saint Anselme de Cantorbery. Tableau de la vie monastique, et de la lutte du pouvoir spirituel avec le pouvoir temporel au onzième siècle. Par M. C. de Remusat. Didier, Paris, 1853.

THERE are few saints, so far removed from us in point of time as St. Anselm of Canterbury, for whose biography there are more abundant or more authentic materials. First, we have both his public and his private history written, in two separate

works, by one of his contemporaries, and his own most constant companion, Eadmer, the monk of Canterbury, who was afterwards, for so short a time, Bishop of St. Andrew's in Scotland. Then we have his own most voluminous correspondence, comprising nearly 500 letters, addressed to persons in every part of the world, and on the most various topics. Next, about fifty years after his death, the most illustrious of his successors, St. Thomas à Becket, caused a summary of his life to be drawn up by one of his household, John of Salisbury, in order that he might lay it before Pope Alexander III. at the council of Tours, with a view to obtaining a decree for his canonization. Lastly, in addition to these personal narratives, the earliest English historians, William of Malmesbury, Orderic Vital, and Matthew Paris, have left us a tolerably full account of the contest which the saint so nobly maintained, in behalf of the Church, against the second and third of our Norman sovereigns. Thus, nothing is wanting to furnish us with a perfect portrait of our saint, both as a religious, a philosopher, a theologian, and an archbishop and confessor of the faith. And in proportion to the copiousness of the materials is the number of his modern biographers, at least in foreign countries. Franck, Hasse, and Möhler in Germany, and Montalembert and De Remusat in France, justly appreciating the great importance of the place which he occupied in the history of his age and country, have of late years furnished us with several interesting sketches of his life. The latest of these is that whose title we have placed at the head of this article; and though, from its greater fulness of detail, we have read it with more interest than some of the others, yet we cannot sympathise with the writer's estimate of some, at least, of the men and things on which he has occasion to pass judgment. His admiration of the character of St. Anselm is almost unbounded; but he is not equally just to the heroic virtues of St. Gregory. Yet, in truth, they both fought the same battle, and from the same motives; and if their different natural dispositions and characters caused a difference in the outward development of their principles, still this was only an accidental, and not a real disagreement between them. Moreover, it may very reasonably be questioned whether the extreme gentleness of St. Anselm could have effected the same mighty reforms that were wrought by Hildebrand, had he been called upon to fill the chair of Peter, instead of that most noble-minded pontiff. At any rate, it is certain that each served God to the utmost of his power in the sphere in which he found himself, and that their respective qualities were by God's grace blessed and strengthened to do the work required

of them. What more, then, can we desire? and if our own tastes and inclinations cause us to be more powerfully attracted by the virtues of the one than of the other, let us at least beware of judging rashly of God's saints, and condemning or despising what we are incapable of justly appreciating. It may be that the spirit of St. Gregory is what is most needed at this time; and because we have not courage enough manfully to offer ourselves to the battle as he did, we fancy that we are in love with the gentle spirit of St. Anselm, from which, in truth, we are as far removed as from the other.

We have said that St. Anselm and St. Gregory both fought the same battle. What the one did for the Church at large, the other did for the Church of this island. But they fought in a different way, and their preparation for the combat was as opposite as their mode of warfare. Hildebrand, the son of a carpenter, was, indeed, at one time a monk in the convent of Clugny, and afterwards its prior; he was "a monk from his boyhood," says one of his biographers; but from the moment that he accompanied Bruno to Rome, at the age of about thirty-five, he became at once the presiding spirit of the Holy See. He did not actually himself ascend the pontifical throne until he was about the very same age that Anselm was when he was called to the see of Canterbury; but he was naturally of a bold and ardent temperament, and he had already undergone a long course of training in the management of public affairs, so that he brought with him to his new position the matured experience of nearly thirty years. Whilst yet a mere youth, he had astonished the court of Henry III. by the boldness with which he preached the Word of God. When he can scarcely have passed the age of forty, Leo IX., on his death-bed, committed to him the provisional government of the Church until a new pontiff should be appointed, and that pontiff, Victor II., was, one might almost say, appointed by Gregory himself; he filled successively the very important offices of archdeacon and chancellor of the Holy Roman Church; and, in a word, his whole life had been spent in public, and in the discharge of the most responsible duties. Although, therefore, when he was tumultuously elected Pope in the very midst of the funeral of his predecessor, he shed many tears, and used language such as Anselm also might have used when he was made archbishop; yet his tears flowed from a different cause. He could not plead, with Anselm, inexperience and inaptitude for public business; he knew well what he was taking upon himself; and if his intrepid spirit shrunk for a moment from the near approach of that conflict which awaited him, it was only for a moment;

he had long foreseen it, and was prepared for it; it did not come upon him unawares. His strong and capacious mind had been for many years most deeply occupied upon the great questions of the day, the crying evils for which a remedy was required, and the true nature of that remedy. The abolition of simony—that plague-spot of the age,—and the compulsory celibacy of the clergy—that standing order of the Church, which, repeatedly enjoined, had so frequently been disregarded, until now at length, in the middle of the eleventh century, an almost universal laxity prevailed: these were the objects, to the attainment of which had been directed the numerous synods, the frequent councils, the continual decrees, and the prodigious correspondence of Hildebrand the archdeacon; and they were the very same as must still continue to engage the time and attention of Gregory the Pope. And deeper than these, and embracing them and much more in the wide circle of their consequences, were the two great ideas of the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff over the Universal Church, and the Church's independence of the civil power. It needed not the rigorous logic of Gregory, nor his intuitive sagacity, to discern how closely these four objects were bound together; how each must be considered as a means towards the rest; how necessary it was to succeed in all, in order to obtain good results from any. How, indeed, could the extirpation of simony be expected, whilst church livings and dignities were at the disposal of laymen? What hope was there of an independent Church, with a married clergy involved in all the cares of life; no *κληρος* indeed, or segregated portion of the Lord, but a motley mass, whose only vocation was their ambition or their wants? How could the wolf be kept from the fold by hirelings such as these? How could the regeneration of the Church and of mankind from the barbarism, the ignorance, and the violence of those troubled times proceed, whilst the cure of souls was considered a family appanage; whilst a married priest could provide for his vicious son by transmitting to him, as his inheritance, the vineyard of the Lord; or endow an otherwise portionless daughter by conferring on her suitor a preferment for which the candidate had made no sacrifices, for which no preparation had been exacted, the consideration for which was a matter of mere family convenience? If, then, lay investitures, a married clergy, and simony were so inseparably connected, where was the cure to be found but in the supremacy of the successor of St. Peter? When the interests of the Church clashed with those of the most powerful kings, and the most valuable perquisites of an overgrown nobility, was it not absolutely necessary that their defence should be

intrusted to the most powerful hand; that the strength of the Church should be concentrated into one head, who, free from minor seductions, might be at liberty to hasten to the rescue wherever the enemy seemed about to prevail? Then, again, was it not necessary that this one head should speak with a voice of authority? should command and be obeyed? be obeyed not only by the clergy, but by all Christian people; not only by the poor and powerless, but by the high and mighty ones of the earth, by kings and princes? This one thought it was which lay at the bottom of St. Gregory's heart, even before he was called upon himself to take the foremost rank in the battle; a deep conviction of the superiority of the spirit over the flesh, of the spiritual interests of man over temporal considerations, of the kingdom of Christ over the kingdoms of the world. He had long seen that a campaign was opened; that the contending powers were heaven and hell, even Jesus Christ and the infernal serpent; that the subject of the controversy was no other than the souls of men; and it can scarcely have come upon him as a new thing, that he himself was the person appointed to guide and direct the battle, as the Vicar on earth and general of the crucified Saviour. Neither did he shrink from the task allotted to him; he had talents and courage equal to the necessity, and he had the will to use them. We ask ourselves, what chance with such a man, in such a cause, had Henry the Emperor, the weak uncertain reed, the creature of impulse, the slave of passion, on whose unstable mind the warnings of Providence and life fell like stones into a stream, and lay forgotten in the mud-bed of rapacity and lust? In the castle-court of Canossa, barefooted and alone, the day at hand on which the forfeiture of his realm would be complete, seeking an audience of his offended judge, whom he had outraged by a thousand perfidies and a thousand calumnies, he may perhaps obtain our pity; but with what altered feelings are we filled, when we behold the exiled Pope upon his death-bed at Salerno! Adversity had overtaken him. He had been besieged in Rome by his insulting foe; he had been finally betrayed by the proverbial fickleness of the Romans; from the castle of St. Angelo he had witnessed the installation of the false Pope of Ravenna, the triumphal entrance of Henry and his queen, and their solemn coronation in the Vatican. He had owed his liberation to the sword of the Norman Guiscard, and seen the conflagration of his city pay the price of his escape. But none of these events, nor all of them, availed to shake the settled purpose of his soul, or elicit one symptom of weakness or mistrust. Grief had indeed bowed down his mighty heart; the apostacy

of friends, the storm-clouds which yet involved the future of mankind, the foresight of the endless miseries in store for the flock of Christ, before the rude empire of force should yield to the prevailing words of peace,—these indeed filled his mind with care; but never for an instant did he lose his faith in the justice of his cause,—the approval of his conscience,—the sense that of the things he had been commissioned to perform, he had left undone not one. Occupied to the very last with his important trust, he consulted in his dying moments with the bishops and cardinals who were about him as to the choice of his successor; confirmed the sentence of excommunication against the emperor and the antipope, and enjoined that the ban should never be removed till they had renounced their unlawful dignities, and given their unconditional submission to the see of Rome; then, closing his eyes upon the world, he spoke the last memorable words he was to pronounce on earth: “I have loved justice, and hated iniquity; therefore do I die an exile.”

How different, yet how similar, were the life and death of St. Anselm! Similar in the evils against which he had to contend, and the personal sufferings which were to be his own lot in the strife; but different in his preparation for the combat, and the zeal and spirit with which he entered upon it. Born of wealthy and noble parents at Aosta in Piedmont, Anselm showed from his earliest years that love of study and those dispositions of piety which afterwards so eminently characterised him. His father was a man of pleasure, spending liberally of his money, and devoting himself to the world; but his mother was the very model of a Christian parent, and under her careful training he grew up in the practice of all Christian virtues. Whilst yet a boy he sought to gain admission into a religious community; but not having obtained the consent of his parents, he was rejected by the superiors on account of his youth. He then prayed that he might be visited by some illness, which, by alarming his parents, would cause them to consent to his dedication of himself to God. And he soon thought that his prayer was heard; for presently he fell ill, and sending for the abbot of a neighbouring monastery, he renewed his request, which, however, was again refused. Not long afterwards his mother died; an event which, by the inscrutable providence of God, had the most opposite effects upon the father and son. The one was reclaimed to a more strict and Christian mode of life; the other, as his biographer says, became like a ship that has lost its anchor: breaking loose from all his previous habits, he even abandoned his favourite studies, that he might the more freely

indulge in the vanities of the world. His father, grieved and disappointed at this, behaved with great severity towards him, and himself retired into a convent; whereupon the young Anselm fled from his home, and, attended by a single companion, crossed the Alps and entered France. After wandering about for three or four years, apparently without any settled purpose, he at length presented himself at the gate of the monastery of Bee in Normandy, and craved admission to its schools. This monastery, destined ere long to send forth so many famous men, was then in its infancy. Twenty years had not yet elapsed since a compatriot of Anselm's, Lanfranc of Padua, had been directed to it as "the poorest and most obscure of religious houses." Already, however, the number of its inmates had exceeded the narrow limits of its buildings; and it was the fame of its learning and piety which had attracted Anselm. At first he seems to have entered rather for the sake of the learning than of the religious discipline; by and by he was disposed to become a monk; but then, again, the spirit of self-love and of vanity arose, and suggested that his learning would be contemptible by the side of Lanfranc's, and that if he remained here he should never get any fame at all. Presently, before he had overcome these temptations, his father dies; and he turns it in his mind to return to Italy, and take possession of his paternal estates. He consults Lanfranc, who refers him to a mutual friend, the Archbishop of Rouen; and acting under his advice, he became a professed monk in the monastery of Bee, in the year of our Lord 1060, being at that time at the age of twenty-seven.

This step being once taken, he made such progress in the religious life, that in a very few years afterwards he was appointed prior in the stead of Lanfranc, who had been removed to the abbacy of another house. This rapid promotion excited some jealousy in the community, and gave Anselm an opportunity of manifesting his special sweetness of character. One of the young religious, named Osborne, had made himself very conspicuous in his opposition to the new prior. The prior seized every opportunity within lawful limits of humouring and indulging this monk; he praised his talents, sought his society, and showed a marked preference for him over his other companions. Then, when he had succeeded in conquering his pride and winning his affections, he gradually withdrew all the indulgences which had been conceded to his youth, and trained him up to live in the strictest obedience to the rule. By and by Osborne falls sick; Anselm is not only his spiritual director, he is also his nurse, both by night and by day; and when he dies, he both promises to offer the Holy

Sacrifice himself for the repose of his soul every day for a twelvemonth, and engages others to do the same. "I beg of you," he says, in one of his letters to Gondulph, a brother-monk, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and Anselm's only supporter among the English episcopate,—*"I beg of you, and of all my friends, by all the strength of your affection for me, that you pray for Osborne; his soul is my soul. I shall accept all that you do for him now as though it were done for me after my death; so that when I come to die, you will have already discharged your obligations to me in this regard. I beg and entreat and implore of you to remember me, and not to forget the soul of my dear Osborne; or if in this I seem to be asking too much of you, I will say, forget me and remember Osborne."* It would be easy to multiply quotations of a similar character from his correspondence; but this single extract will suffice to give us some idea of the extreme tenderness and most loving heart of Anselm the prior. We can imagine how dearly he must have been loved by the novices whom he trained, and how gently he would have dealt with them; even if the following anecdote had not been preserved, giving us some insight into his mode of treatment. One day, an abbot, renowned for his piety, was complaining to him of the difficulty which he found in training the young men who were educated in his convent. "They are quite incorrigible," said the abbot; "we beat them night and day, yet they only grow worse and worse." "You beat them night and day, do you?" replied Anselm; "and when they are grown up, how do they turn out?" "Stupid and brutish," answered the abbot. "Now, supposing you were to plant a young tree in your garden," replied the prior, "and so to hedge it round and shut it in, that it could not put forth its branches; what would be the result? Young men are sent to you that they may grow and bring forth fruit; and you keep them in such bondage, that all their thoughts are pent up within their own bosoms, where they assume only bad and mischievous forms. They see nothing of love, pity, and kindness exercised towards them; and their irritated souls feed only on envy, hatred, and disobedience. Yet are they not men as well as you? is not their nature the same as yours? How would you like to be treated as you treat them? Beat them, indeed! Has the goldsmith nothing to do to his gold and silver, think you, but to hammer them, in order to form the beautiful statue which he desires?" And the novices of that abbot had good reason to be grateful to Anselm for this truly paternal admonition ever afterwards; for we are told that he fell at Anselm's feet, confessed that he had been much to blame in his management

of novices heretofore, and that he would correct it according to the new model proposed to him for the future.

Anselm remained prior of his monastery for about fifteen years, during which time it increased greatly both in numbers and in splendour. His kind and gentle ways won all hearts; not only attracting to the noviciate young men who were desirous of forsaking the world, but persuading also the princes and nobles of the land to make generous benefactions to the house. Bitterly, indeed, did he lament the multitude of secular affairs with which he was necessarily burdened by virtue of his office in the monastery, and still more in consequence of the increasing age and infirmities of the abbot, which caused him continually to employ Anselm as his deputy. He hated the very name of property, we are told ("that cursed sin of propriety," as it is somewhat quaintly rendered in some of our old English books); would never receive any presents; or if they were forced upon him, he either distributed them equally amongst his companions, or sold them for the common benefit. One day he went to consult his old friend the Archbishop of Rouen as to the possibility of ridding himself of his troublesome office. "Bear the burden of the day," replied the old man, "and do not forsake your post, unless the abbot relieve you. Nay more, if you are called to a higher rank, refuse it not; walk forwards boldly. The time will soon be here when this trial will come upon you." "Woe is me!" cried the disappointed prior, and he returned in grief to his convent.

By and by, Herluin, the founder and first abbot of Bec, was called to his rest; and the monks unanimously elected Anselm to be his successor. It was in vain that he fell on his knees before them, and entreated them to spare him so heavy a responsibility. The monks immediately did the same, and entreated him to have compassion upon them and the whole establishment, and to accept the office; which, at length, he was constrained to do. The only result of this change of position was to increase the circle of his friends and to spread his fame far and wide. He was still the same affectionate parent to those within the monastery, and the same kind and considerate counsellor to all who came from the world without to seek his advice. "To those who were in health," says his biographer, "he was a father, and to the sick a mother; there was not one amongst them, having any secret upon his mind, who did not hasten to reveal it to him, as to a most loving mother." Was any of them sick and infirm from old age and disease, it was none but Anselm who was to watch at their bedside, and squeezing the juice of the grape into his hand, refresh their parched lips. Did his official duties as abbot bring

him into relations with the Norman nobles, immediately they rejoiced to adopt him as one of their own family; and there was not a count or a countess, or any person of rank, we are told, who did not consider that he could have no favour in the sight of God if he had not given some token of his devotion to the saintly abbot of Bec. Meanwhile the object of all this enthusiastic admiration and love was spending his days in the direction of others, and his nights in the laborious correction of manuscripts, or in the composition of most profound treatises of theology, or most beautiful prayers and meditations. He used to call himself "Father Anselm, in life a sinner, in habit a monk." As much of the temporal concerns of his monastery as he could, he deputed to the care of others. He was obliged, however, to take more than one journey to England on business of this kind, both to wait upon his sovereign, William of Normandy, and to confer with Lanfranc, who now occupied the see of Canterbury; and these journeys became, in the order of Providence, the occasion of his own future promotion to the same dignity.

William the Conqueror died in the autumn of 1087, and was succeeded by his son, William Rufus, who, at his coronation by the hands of Lanfranc, swore that he would observe justice and mercy, and defend the peace and liberty of the Church. Lanfranc had long since foreseen the calamities that were to be expected on the accession of this violent and unscrupulous monarch. "Pray God that the king may live," he had written to St. Gregory during the reign of the first William; "for during his life we have some sort of peace, but when he is dead there is no peace, no good thing of any kind to be looked for." He had himself instructed the new monarch in his younger days; and now that he was come to the throne and was beginning to exercise his tyranny towards his subjects, the archbishop ventured to remonstrate with him, and to remind him of the solemn promises he had made at his coronation. "What man can keep all his promises?" was the only reply which the king vouchsafed; and he soon showed that *he*, at least, had no intention of keeping his. In a few months, even the feeble restraint imposed upon him by the presence of Lanfranc was removed by his death; and then he gave himself up, without check or remorse, to the most shameless acts of violence, more especially towards the Church. No sooner was any ecclesiastical dignity vacant by death or promotion, than some of the king's creatures entered into possession of the estates belonging to it, under the pretence of administration, but in truth for mere purposes of robbery; and then it was either kept vacant year after year, according

to the king's good pleasure, or if filled up, it was only by the installation of some unworthy ecclesiastic who paid a high price for it. Thus simony, which had been so much discouraged during the preceding reign, was again triumphant; and of course every kind of irregularity and of sin followed in its train. On the death of Lanfranc, the king determined to enrich himself by the treasures of the wealthy see of Canterbury, and kept it vacant therefore for four years. As a specimen of the miseries that ensued, it is mentioned that the cemeteries of no less than thirty parishes were desecrated, and either used as pasture-ground, or added to the forests for the king's hunting.

Whilst this state of things was still continuing, Anselm had occasion to visit England. One of the Norman nobles who had come over with the Conqueror and settled in this country, Hugh de Loup, Earl of Chester, had sent for him to bring a colony of monks from Bee, as he was anxious to found a monastery on his estates. Anselm declined the invitation; for the busy tongue of fame had already pointed him out as the most fitting successor of Lanfranc, and he would not voluntarily put himself in the way of so unwelcome an appointment. Hugh, however, fell ill, and again requested the presence of Anselm, assuring him that there was no question about the vacant archbishopric in the matter, but simply the salvation of his own soul, which he conceived to be at stake. Again Anselm refused. But the count wrote a third time, still more urgently than before, saying, that if he did not come, he would most certainly repent of it "throughout all eternity." Thus solemnly appealed to, Anselm yielded an unwilling consent, but at the same time determined that he would simply perform the one object of his mission, transact no other business, see no strangers, but return to France as quickly as possible. His monks, however, put him under obedience not to return until he had settled all the affairs which concerned them in England,—an injunction which he could not neglect. On his arrival at Canterbury, he found the clergy, both regular and secular, talking of him as their future archbishop; so he hurried away on the following morning as fast as he could to fulfil his mission. The court lay on his road, and he was necessarily detained there for a few days, during which time he spoke to the king with his usual gentleness concerning the excesses of which he was guilty. The king took no heed to the rebuke, and Anselm went his way. Having founded the monastery required, he now busied himself concerning the other affairs of his house, which kept him in England longer than he could have wished. He had ar-

rived early in September, and it was now Christmas. The king and his nobles were assembled to keep the feast at Gloucester, and they took the opportunity of remonstrating with him upon the non-appointment of an archbishop to the see of Canterbury; or rather they consulted him, and asked his consent, as to the propriety of having public prayers offered up throughout the whole kingdom, that the see might not be left in her present widowed condition any longer. "You may pray as long as you please," said the king; "but that will not prevent my doing as I please in the matter." The bishops deputed Anselm to draw up a form of prayer for the purpose, which with some difficulty he was persuaded to do. One day, after these prayers had begun to be used, the king was talking with one of his courtiers, when the latter ventured to introduce the name of Anselm, praising his exemplary piety, and declaring that he lived only for God, and coveted nothing of this world's goods. "Not even the archbishopric of Canterbury?" said the king, laughing. "Least of all, sire," replied the nobleman; "and others also will tell you the same." "And I tell you," said the king, "that he would give his head and ears for the chance of getting it. But, by the *Volto Santo* of Lucca, neither he nor any one else shall be archbishop as long as I live; I will be archbishop myself." He had scarcely spoken the words, when he was seized with a sudden and violent illness, which threatened to be fatal. The bishops and barons who surrounded his bed suggested to him divers acts of reparation which he ought immediately to perform, such as opening the prisons and releasing the numerous captives unjustly detained there, forgiving debtors, restoring liberty to the Church, &c. &c. Anselm was sent for; and on being introduced to the royal patient, only repeated those words of the psalm, *Incipite Domino in confessione*, intimating to him the necessity of making a good confession.

William promises all that is required; a decree is drawn up, and sealed with the royal seal, granting freedom to prisoners, forgiveness of debts, an amnesty for all past offences, and good and righteous laws for the future. By and by the subject of the vacant archbishopric is named to the king; he declares his readiness to make the appointment, if only a worthy subject can be found, and himself suggests Anselm. All are unanimous in applauding the suggestion. Anselm alone is silent, pale with alarm and sorrow; and when he finds words, it is only to give a most positive refusal of his assent. The bishops take him aside, and urge upon his consideration the lamentable condition of the Church in England, the danger it is in of absolute destruction through the long tyranny of him who

is now ready to repair his misdeeds. "And will you then," they say, "refuse to help? The Church of Canterbury loudly calls for you; it looks to you for its deliverance; and will you prefer a life of ease for yourself rather than assist in bearing the burdens of your brethren?" To this earnest appeal Anselm objected his age and infirmities, and his natural inaptitude for all secular affairs. "Don't trouble yourself about that," answered the bishops; "do you pray to God for us, and we will manage your secular affairs for you." And certainly the result proved that they were far more disposed to handle the things of this world than to be intent upon the service of God. Anselm, however, still remained obstinate in his refusal; said that he was a foreigner, owing allegiance both to civil and ecclesiastical authorities in another kingdom, and counsel and assistance to his dear brethren in the monastery, and that he could not break all these ties. The bishops having exhausted their powers of persuasion, brought him back into the king's presence, who entreated him, out of compassion for his soul, to assent to the proposed arrangement. "Anselm," he said, "what are you doing? Why will you abandon me to eternal torments? My father and my mother loved you much, and now you will leave their son to perish, body and soul; for I know that I shall be lost for ever, if I die with this archbishopric in my hands." At the same time, those who stood by represented to him, with some bitterness, that all the evils under which the whole country was groaning would be justly attributed to him if he refused his consent. Thus pressed on all sides, he turned to two monks, his companions, saying, "Ah, my brethren, why don't you come to my rescue?" One of them answered, with tears in his eyes, "If such be the will of God, who are we that we can resist it?" "Alas!" rejoined Anselm, "you are but feeble reeds to lean upon." At length the bishops, determined to put an end to this scene, called for a pastoral staff; and forcing open the fingers of his right hand with such violence as to cause him to cry out from the pain, they held it against his hand, whilst the *Te Deum* was sung, and the people shouted, 'Long live the Bishop!' Then they took him into a neighbouring church to perform the accustomed ceremonies; but even here his resistance was so great as to cause some alarm to the bystanders for his life. He wept and cried aloud, and seemed ready to faint, so that they sprinkled him with holy water, and even made him drink some, that he might be brought to himself again. When the ceremony was over, he went back to the king's chamber, told him that his present illness would not be fatal, and that on his recovery he might yet undo all

that had been done in his regard, since he had not given his consent, neither did he now give it; "nothing therefore has yet been done." Then, finding himself alone with the bishops, he said, "Do you know what you are about? You are yoking together an untamed bull and a poor feeble sheep. And what will be the consequence? The bull will drag the sheep through thorns and briers, and tear him in pieces, and he will not be able to do any good at all. The Apostle compares the Church to a plough; and this plough in England is drawn by two powerful oxen—the king and the archbishop of Canterbury; the one by the administration of secular power and justice, the other by heavenly doctrine and discipline. One of these oxen, Lanfranc, is now dead; you wish to yoke me with the remaining one. If you do not abandon your purpose, I forewarn you that your joy will be changed into sadness; for you will see the Church again return to her state of widowhood, even during the life-time of her pastor; and since I know well that none of you will dare to stand by me in my resistance to the king, he will afterwards trample you all under foot, according to his own good pleasure." But all his remonstrances were vain; they persevered in their purpose, and Anselm became, spite of himself, archbishop of Canterbury. When he found that there was no further hope of escape, he shed such abundant tears, both by day and night, over his new dignity, as seriously to impair his eyesight; he never ceased to regret his violent separation from his beloved monastic home, signing his letters, "Anselm, by profession and in heart a monk of Bee, by compulsion archbishop of Canterbury;" and when writing of this event many years afterwards, he said, that at the time he was made archbishop he would rather have suffered a thousand deaths than have been forced to accept the post. Yet this is the man, and these are the circumstances, concerning which the Protestant youth of this country are taught, through the pages of the most popular English historian,* that William "had reason to expect that persevering opposition which he afterwards met with from Anselm, *from the ostentatious humility which that prelate had displayed in refusing his promotion.*"

We have been thus particular in narrating the details of this event, both because we know no other history of the kind more touching and more edifying; and also because it gives us the most complete insight into Anselm's character, and the temper of that instrument which God had chosen to fight one of the most unequal yet most glorious battles in the history of the Church. A monk, who had lived thirty-three years in the

* Hume.

retirement of a cloister, and who seemed to be born for such a life and no other, called forth at the age of sixty, and forced to enter upon a mortal conflict with the powers of the world, first with brute force in the person of William Rufus, then with wily diplomacy in his successor, Henry Beauclerc; and, as it would seem to human eyes, without any adequate armour for either portion of the strife; indeed without any armour at all, either of natural courage and practical talent or of acquired experience. The nature of the strife, however, and the method of his victory, we must reserve for another article.

ANECDOTES OF THE ROMAN REVOLUTION.

L'Ebreo di Verona. Racconto storico dall' Anno 1846 al 1849.
 Roma, Stamperia di Propaganda, 1852.

[Second Notice.]

IN our former notice of this work we confined ourselves exclusively to the consideration of one particular feature in it,—the information it contained concerning secret societies. But though this may fairly claim to rank among the most important items in the book, it is far from being the only one which deserves attention or commands our interest. There are many others also which ought not to be passed by without notice, and which we should look for in vain in the pages of Balleydier, and other professed historians of the Roman Revolution. The very fact that this is in some sense a work of fiction, has given the author a great advantage over others who have undertaken to describe the same events in a more grave and orderly fashion; it has enabled him, if we may be allowed to use language apparently so paradoxical, to give a truer and more life-like picture of the scene as it really was. For it is difficult for the pen of history, engaged in chronicling public events, and recording the language of diplomatic documents, to descend to the *minutiæ* of domestic gossip, and to tell us what was the effect produced upon the popular mind by the passing incidents of the day, and to introduce all those thousand little touches, and seeming interruptions of the main plot, which, after all, go to make up the real interest of life, even in the midst of a revolution. The writer of fiction, however, is privileged to wander wherever he wills; by means of some happy conversation between two of his characters, or by a letter, or in a variety of other ways, he may give us the views of different

persons, and the impressions created by each new event, with a freshness and strength of colouring peculiarly his own; and when, as in the present instance, the author has been scrupulously exact in investigating and recording the truth, he becomes not only the most agreeable, but also the most accurate guide to a knowledge of the period of which he treats. And, in fact, we are satisfied, from our own experience, that any one who was an eye-witness of the Roman revolution, will have the whole succession of its events brought up before his mind far more vividly by the *Ebreo di Verona* than by any other work that has yet appeared.

The place and time which the author has selected in which to lay the opening scene of his story, is the neighbourhood of Rome, and the summer of 1846, thus rushing at once *in medias res*. Bartolo Capegli, a wealthy Roman of the middle classes, is introduced to us as a recent widower, whose only daughter, just returned from a convent school, he had taken to live with him in his villa at Albano. Bartolo's father had been an advocate, if not a judge, in the Roman courts, and was a man of regular and Christian habits. He used to take his boy every morning to hear mass at the altar of the Madonna at San Agostino, and at Christmas and Easter, and the feasts of St. Peter and St. John, to the public ceremonies, that he might receive the papal blessing. On certain appointed days, too, there were visits to be paid to the Madonna dell'Archetto, the Pietà in Piazza Colonna, the Bambino in Ara Cœli, and other holy places of Rome. In the evening, Bartolo used to hear from his father's aged guests stories of the good old days of Pius VI., or of the public and private miseries that followed the removal from the eternal city of Pius VII.; and, in a word, Bartolo was brought up in habits of piety, and a devoted subject of the Sovereign Pontiff. His marriage with a lady of property introduced him to new and dangerous society; and the death of his wife, about twelve or thirteen years afterwards, exposed him still further to the evil influences of these new associates. Although far from being admitted to a knowledge of all the most hidden secrets of the sect, yet he became a friend and hanger-on of the "Young Italy" party; or rather he was one of that numerous class who were deceived by their hypocritical professions of piety, and dazzled by their magniloquent descriptions of the blessed fruits of *liberty*, without caring accurately to ascertain what they really meant by this much-abused word. Bartolo was not without warnings from the lips of more thoughtful and experienced persons,—some venerable ecclesiastic perhaps, or at least some reverend *laudator temporis acti*, who, instead of being carried away by

the popular enthusiasm, sees only, in all that is happening, ground of sorrow and alarm, and symptoms of imminent danger. Thus, when Bartolo pours forth, out of the fulness of his heart, into the ears of an old priest of St. Peter's, a hymn of triumph on the apparent progress of religion and revival of the faith, as betokened by the conduct of the *amnestiati*, in going together to receive the Bread of life from the hands of his Holiness, in the church of San Pietro in Vinculis, Don Alessandro shakes his head, mutters something about lions changing their nature, and reminds his too credulous friend, that many of these devout communicants had since publicly boasted, that they had dared to approach the holy altar on that occasion after partaking of a hearty meal in their own houses. Monsignor Palma, too, is introduced as looking with suspicion upon all the public entertainments and gatherings of the people, who cannot afford to feast and to be idle at their own expense, but must needs be supported by others, and, as he too reasonably fears, probably for some evil design. And on another occasion a shrewd old servant at the palace comments with great truth and severity on the inconsistency of men crying out *Benedizione, Santo Padre*, at one moment, and *accidenti* in the next, if the call be not immediately obeyed; of blessing Pio Nono, and cursing the memory of his predecessor; of making a profession of religion, and uttering maledictions against the Cardinals, &c. However, all these warnings are, for a long time, thrown away upon Bartolo, who enters with his whole soul into the *furor* of those around him, and is most unwilling to be aroused from the pleasant dreams in which his imagination is revelling. He is most assiduous in collecting alms for those who have been released from prison; takes an active part in organising the beautiful processions that used to flock to the Quirinal night after night, to testify their gratitude to the Holy Father, and to seek his blessing; in a word, he floats with the stream.

Father Bresciani has done well, we think, to make Don Bartolo his principal Roman character; for unquestionably this was the very type of the majority of the Roman people at that time. They were sincere in their love and admiration of the Pope; and if they could have foreseen from the beginning how it was intended by the conspirators that all these *feste* and rejoicings should terminate, they would have resisted, and the whole course of events would have run after a very different fashion. But the leaders of the faction only too faithfully observed the line marked out for them in the Mazzinian programme, and took care that the people should not see to the end, but only the next step that was to be taken;

and in this way the plot gained ground day after day, until at length such a momentum was given to the *progressista* movement, that it was no longer possible to check it; not possible, at least, to such a people as the Romans, whose characteristic excellence is not courage. *Pochi cattivi, ma tutti vili*, was a description of them, attributed to their own Sovereign, in the midst of these troubles; and certainly, whoever was the author of it, it expresses pretty accurately the impression of their character which every one would naturally draw from their conduct at that time. There is no doubt, as Father Bresciani says, that the great majority of the active mischief-makers were not Romans, but strangers gathered together from all parts of the continent, exiles from their respective countries, or adventurers who can scarcely be said to have had any country at all: but then, on the other hand, the Romans offered no resistance; they made no attempt to fight, either by word or deed, for their rulers; they could applaud with the loudest, but the moment the tide was turned, they disappeared. As soon as their eyes were opened to the true nature of what was going on, they made no attempt at combination amongst themselves, no attempt to remedy the evil that had been already done, or to check its further progress; but each one retired by himself into some place of obscurity. Many, like Bartolo, first went to their villas in the Alban or the Sabine hills, and when the danger seemed to be growing still more imminent, left the country altogether; and those who remained in the city shut themselves up in their own houses in a state of silent inactivity. Something of this kind indeed is, we know, the ordinary rule under similar circumstances: wolves are gregarious, whilst the faithful watch-dog guards his flock in solitude; nevertheless, if the Roman people had had half the spirit of the Swiss, for example, we are satisfied that the revolution might have been prevented.

It was a frequent subject of discussion among those who were looking on at the progress of events, how far the Pope himself was deceived by the tumultuous applause of his people, or whether he was conscious of the dangers that were multiplying around him. And we observe that Father Bresciani describes him as perfectly alive, from the very first, to the hypocrisy of those to whom he had shown himself so great a benefactor (*legge loro sotto la camicia, e sotto la pelle, e insino alle midolle dell' ossa*); nevertheless, that he chose rather to persevere in the course he had begun, as the best and wisest policy; if by God's grace their hearts should be touched with gratitude for all the kindness which he manifested towards them, he had bought, without bloodshed, the inestimable gift

of peace, both for his own states and for the rest of Italy ; but if, on the other hand, they should abuse his clemency, and continue in their wicked machinations against religion and society, all Europe would be better able to appreciate the baseness of their conduct, and would willingly unite with him in awarding them their just punishment. Certainly, whoever may have been deceived in the earliest stages of the movement, every one ought, at least, to have had his eyes opened by the circumstances which attended the appointment of the civic guard. The idea of a conspiracy for the wholesale assassination of the Roman people, with Cardinal Lambruschini, the general of the Jesuits, and the saintly Don Vincenzo Pallotta as the arch-conspirators, was too gross an absurdity to have deceived any who were not wilfully blind. Yet these names were really posted on the walls, and noised abroad among the people, as of men who had conspired together to make an attack upon the lives and liberties of the Roman citizens, on the occasion of their meeting together to celebrate the first anniversary of the Pope's amnesty ; and with a stupidity or perverseness still more astonishing, such men as Mr. White-side profess to credit the tale of the conspiracy, and give it a place in their *histories* (?). The truth is, that, as Cardinal Ostini is made to say in the *Ebreo di Verona*, it was simply the story of Pisistratus over again. As he, rushing into the market-place of Athens, showed the bloody wounds which he said he had received from his enemies, entreated for protection, and then, when he had been granted a body-guard of fifty men, used them as the instruments of his designs, and became the tyrant of his country ; so these men rushed before the public of Rome with a frightful tale of a bloody conspiracy which they had just discovered, and having wrested from the authorities a permission to arm themselves in self-defence, made this concession the principal instrument of working out their designs, and in the end drove their sovereign from his throne, to take possession of it themselves. That the story of the conspiracy was a complete fiction, no man of sense can ever have doubted ; but it was not generally known, what Father Bresciani now publishes, that it never would have been heard of, but for the discovery by the government of another conspiracy, a real conspiracy, on the part of the republicans themselves, for the assassination of Freddi, Nardoni, and others of the Roman police, who stood in the way of their plans. This conspiracy having been detected, they determined to turn the tables upon their adversaries, and to bring them into public disrepute, as the authors of a conspiracy themselves. How admirably they succeeded, we need not stop to tell ; and

the civic guard, thus built upon a lie, became the most powerful instrument for the corruption and ruin of the city. All who were above the age of twenty were enrolled in this force; even though they were students at the university, their course of studies was to be interrupted, that *they might be armed for the defence of their country*. Happy those, who, to avoid this snare set for their souls, either put on the ecclesiastical habit, or took their departure from Rome altogether, on some pretext of health, or business, or mere amusement. For in those who stayed behind, and were duly enlisted, great was the change which a very short experience of this pseudo-military life wrought in all their moral and religious habits. Young men, who had been heretofore most regular in the performance of their Christian duties, heard Mass daily, and were weekly communicants, after a few weeks' frequenting of the *quartieri* of the Civics, could with difficulty be persuaded to go to church in time to hear even the last Mass on Sundays. At first they had dared to show that they were Christians, by doffing the hat, and reciting the usual prayers at the sounding of the *Angelus*, and by all the other external tokens of devotion so universal in Catholic countries; but in too many instances the ridicule of their companions, and still more their evil example and diabolical conversation, soon put to flight all pious practices; and this point once effected, the descent was easy. Nor was it enough, that young men above the age of twenty should be exposed to these pernicious influences; boys of fourteen and sixteen, or even of eleven and twelve, were enrolled in a battalion called the *Speranza*, clad in military costume, and brought together to be instructed in the military exercises. The consequences were such as one would naturally have expected: if these boys were too young to learn the art of war, they were not too young to copy the vices of soldiers; and a general demoralisation of that class of the community is one of the deepest wounds which the revolutionists have succeeded in planting in the heart of Rome. The Holy Father saw and lamented it from the first, yet was unable to provide a remedy: "They are robbing me of my most precious treasures," he would exclaim, with tears in his eyes; "they are destroying all my young men; corrupting their innocence, ruining their souls."

The persecution of the Jesuits forms, of course, a conspicuous feature in the Jesuit's narrative, though not more so than its importance deserves. By a judicious arrangement of the peregrinations of his several characters, he contrives to introduce us to the scenes of their expulsion from two or

three different cities, and records many interesting details of their sufferings in Genoa, Naples, Rome, and elsewhere. The particulars of all that was done to them in public in those cities, and what they suffered *en masse*, is already well known through the medium of the Catholic journals of Europe; but in these pages we meet with anecdotes of individual hardships, or wonderful escapes, such as could only be looked for from one of the community itself. Thus, in the midst of the account of the Roman volunteers marching to the war with Austria, we come unexpectedly across four Jesuits, who having been driven out of Fano, and having with difficulty escaped the pursuits of their enemies for several days among the mountains, at length arrived, almost miraculously, at Spoleto. Here they hire a carriage, and continue their course more cheerfully towards Rome, believing all danger to be now past; but whilst resting at Ponte del Borghetto, it happens that these volunteers arrive there also, and seeing the empty carriage, immediately insist upon hearing who are the travellers. "Four gentlemen," replies the coachman, which was probably all that he knew. They then inform the landlord of the inn, that they must see these gentlemen; and he promises that their curiosity shall be satisfied by and by, but that at present the gentlemen are taking their *siesta*. "No, we must see them directly. Soldiers, mount the stairs, fix your bayonets, guard all the exits, and bring down these men." But the landlord's wife, a good, pious Christian, had already taken alarm, and by means of a ladder placed against the back of the house, her guests had made their escape into the fields; here they crawled along under the hedges with all the speed and secrecy they could, and at length got into some deep caverns, where they thought themselves secure. On being summoned hence by their kind friend long after nightfall, they found their carriage had been taken possession of by the brave soldiers, and forced to return to Narni; and thinking the high road to be no longer secure, they got upon one of the small steamers which runs down the Tiber, and so reached their journey's end. What further perils they met with in the Eternal City we are not told; but it happened to some of these persecuted religious to fly from one danger only to fall into another. Many who escaped from the provincial towns took refuge in Rome, deeming themselves to be safe under the protection of the Holy Father, and so went through all the alarms and perils of a second expulsion.

The escape of a young Spanish gentleman, *not* a Jesuit, from the hands of the republicans in Rome, is too interesting to be omitted. He was attached to the Spanish Embassy, and

his lodgings were on the fourth floor of one of the Roman palaces, immediately above those in which the author of the *Ebreo* lay concealed. He was living there quite alone, or at least only with a *donna di casa* and her child; and it was given out that he had left Rome altogether. The spies of the republic, however, had more accurate information; and enraged at the part which Spain had taken in defence of the Holy Father since his flight from the city, they determined to wreak their vengeance upon this representative of the nation. Accordingly, late one evening, a party of them went to the apartment, and loudly demanded admittance. There was no answer; for it happened most providentially that the maid-servant had gone out to get some provisions for supper. The persons inhabiting the other parts of the house, hearing the noise, came out on the staircase, and told the visitors that there was nobody at home, but that no doubt the woman would return presently; which she did. They immediately requested to see the master; but she assured them he was "not at home;" a statement which all the bystanders readily confirmed. "We know better," was the reply; "and unless he has wings to fly, he will find it difficult to jump out of a window on this fourth floor: open the door." It was useless to offer any resistance, and the poor woman trembled for the fate of her master. The men rushed in, and searched every corner of the apartments; they looked into the cupboards and into the stove, pierced the mattresses and beds with their bayonets, emptied all the bags and baskets they could find; but the object of their search was nowhere to be seen. Confident of the trust-worthiness of their informant, they were not a little surprised, and vowed that he must have vanished in smoke, or that the devil had carried him off. They pocketed all the money they could lay their hands on, amongst the rest a bill of exchange for twenty thousand crowns, and remained in occupation of the house all night. Our readers may imagine the alarm of our poor Father Bresciani, concealed in the apartment beneath, and fearing every moment lest they should imagine there was some secret communication between the two floors, and so insist upon entering there also. No such disaster, however, occurred, and on the following morning they took their departure. Meanwhile where was the Spaniard? As soon as he was aware of the presence of the republicans at his door, he looked about for means of escape, and the only one which presented itself was the window. Its height from the ground rendered a leap of that kind impossible; but just opposite the window, on the other side of the court, was another window of a neighbouring house. It was nearly closed, and, moreover, had no projecting

ledge, but a bar of iron running across it. Its distance from the window at which he stood was about three arms' length, and the height from the ground some sixty or seventy feet. But desperation lends courage even to the most timid; he took the leap, laid hold of the iron bar, pushed open the window, and thus effected a burglarious entrance into his neighbour's house. Here he lay quite still until a short time before midnight, when the master coming in with a lamp in his hand, the gentleman put his finger on his lips in token of silence, and then, in a subdued whisper, begged him to blow out the light. This was done, and the stranger then explained who he was and how he came there. Had the maid-servant entered the room instead of the master, according to the usual practice of the family, it is scarcely probable but that she would have immediately screamed with alarm, and so betrayed his hiding-place. As it was, the master sent all his household to bed, provided his unbidden guest with some covering for his head, and then conducted him to a place of safety.

When, after the murder of Rossi, it was necessary that the Cardinals should withdraw from Rome before the Pope also took his departure, they too had narrow escapes from danger, which are very amusingly told by the author before us. One left his palace by means of a private exit from the garden at the first dawn of day, dressed in the full costume of a Roman sportsman, with his gun and game-bag on his shoulder, and a dog by his side; at the appointed place he was joined by a young Englishman, similarly accoutred, but riding in a carriage. His eminence having mounted by his side, they proceeded together to the Porta Salara, and when the civic guard drew near, with a scrutinising eye, to see who was passing, the Cardinal gave his dog a sly pinch, causing him to show his teeth and bark at the strangers; whereupon they withdrew, the carriage drove on, and at the distance of two or three miles was exchanged for a lighter one, in which he continued his route to Naples. Another Cardinal, whose palace was most closely besieged by the janissaries of the sect, contrived to escape in the evening by disguising himself in the dress of those skin-clad mountaineers who are to be seen in Rome bringing in loads of charcoal from the country. A cart-load of charcoal was brought into the court-yard of the palace late in the evening, and when it had been duly unloaded, his eminence, goad in hand, escorted the oxen out of the yard, and so out of Rome. Two others, younger and stronger men, dressed themselves in the coarse habit of peasants from the distant villages of the Sabine hills, and walked boldly out of the gates with a club in their hands and a sack of bread upon their

shoulders; and how the Pope himself escaped has been already described at some length in these pages.

It is little anecdotes of this kind which form so attractive a feature in the volumes before us. They do not, indeed, altogether supply the place of graver histories of the same events, but they form a most interesting appendix to such histories, filling up the details of the picture, and giving it life and colour. We have not attempted to make any analysis of the plot of the story; partly because it can scarcely be said to have one, in the ordinary sense in which that word is used; partly because, such as it is, we do not think English novel-readers would approve of it. There are certainly a hero and a heroine in the tale, who may be said to be in love with one another; but they are never together, and the tale does not end in a marriage, so that great violence is done to all the usual laws of such compositions. First, Aser sees Alisa accidentally and without being himself seen, and falls in love with her at first sight; by and by, Alisa discovers this fact by visiting an exhibition of paintings in Rome, and seeing what is manifestly a portrait of herself in a scene with which she is very familiar, and under the painting is the name 'Aser.' Next, Alisa is in danger of some accident during the ceremony of the Pope's taking possession of St. John Lateran; Aser rushes to her assistance, and is himself injured instead. By and by, at one of the public banquets, he pays her very marked attentions, and fights a duel with a young Pole who had made some attempt to interfere with the monopoly. And this is pretty nearly the whole of the suit. Alisa sends him a "miraculous medal" when she hears that he is going to the war, not knowing but that he is a Christian like herself; and at last, when he really becomes one, he writes to tell her of the change, and of the means by which it has been brought about, and hopes are held out of their meeting one another soon. They do meet; but it is to see Aser a corpse in his carriage, as we described in our former article; whereupon Alisa faints away, and the author inhumanly leaves her in that condition, and his readers in a state of uncertainty as to whether she ever recovers.

One marked feature in the story is the frequent, we are almost inclined to think *too* frequent recurrence of very elaborate descriptions of scenes or places that have but little to do with the main action of the story. A whole volume of "elegant extracts" might be made out of these volumes, each perfect in itself, and more suited to be an independent picture, than to form part of the group in which it stands in the origi-

nal; such, for instance, are the descriptions of a castle, of a battle-field when the fighting is over, of the mode of life among the Croats, of the reception given to the Pope at the Roman college, of the Grotta Azzurra at Capri, and others that might be mentioned. But this is partly due, we suppose, to the form in which the story first came before the public, piecemeal in a periodical; where, in fact, each fortnightly portion might almost claim to be considered a whole in itself. It is evident, however, that, independently of this, the author takes a real pleasure in exhausting his description of any object that comes across him; and he has allowed himself freely to indulge this taste, somewhat to the detriment of the symmetrical proportions of the whole. In concluding our notice of these interesting volumes, we need scarcely recommend them to the perusal of those of our readers who care to gain an accurate knowledge of the details of the Roman revolution; since our extracts and remarks will have entirely failed of their object, if this has not long since been abundantly effected. We can assure them that we are far from having exhausted the store of information and entertainment which they contain: our purpose has been rather to whet our readers' appetite than to satiate it, which could only have been done by a translation of the whole.

TABLE-TURNING AND TABLE-TALKING.

- Sights and Sounds.* By H. Spicer, Esq. London: Bosworth.
Table-turning and Table-talking. London: H. Vizetelly.
Spirit-rapping in England and America: its origin and history, with accounts of numerous interviews had with Spirits and Mediums. London: H. Vizetelly.
Table-moving tested, and proved to be the result of Satanic Agency. By Rev. N. S. Godfrey, S.C.L. London: Seeleys.
Table-turning the Devil's Modern Master-piece. By Rev. N. S. Godfrey. London: Seeleys.
Table-talking; Disclosures of Satanic Wonders and Prophetic Signs: a Word for the Wise. By the Rev. E. Gillson, M.A. London: Longman & Co.
An Inquiry into Table-miracles; their Cause, Character, and Consequence. By R. C. Morgan. London: Hamilton; Simpkin; Whittaker.

A SECTION of the English Protestant world is awakening to a conviction that there is such a person as the Devil, and that

spiritual agencies may be going on all round us even in the midst of this material world in which we live; and, like many other persons who have but lately recovered a long-lost truth, they seem disposed to let it run away with them into all kinds of extravagances. They bid fair to inundate us with a perfect sea of little tracts on "Satan and his wonders;" and all the while they are of course in happy ignorance that such matters have never once been lost sight of in the Church Catholic; that they have long since been reduced to rules and measures; that scientific treatises have been written concerning them; and that exorcisms, and blessings, and many things besides, which it has been the fashion for Protestants to despise and ridicule, all presuppose this great truth, and rest upon it as a necessary foundation.

For many years past the Protestant tradition has practically ignored, if not the personal existence of Satan, yet at least all idea of any visible and material agency to be attributed to him. Many have gone so far as to say that every man might be conscious to himself of a natural tendency to evil, and of strong temptations to sin inherent in his own nature, without imagining the existence of some being external to himself who was always seeking to lead him into evil; and nearly all have been agreed that magic, witchcraft, and necromancy were only the superstitions of a dark and ignorant age; or, at best, the creations of a diseased imagination and a species of epidemical mania, which modern science would seek to remedy by calomel or the lancet, not punish by imprisonment and the stake. Possession, in like manner, was hysteria or insanity; it was nothing supernatural. We have even known Anglican clergymen gravely deny the truth of the scriptural narrative concerning the fall of Adam, on the ground that the Devil could not have assumed the form of a serpent; and others give an explanation of the healing powers of the pool of Bethesda, and the descent of the angel into its waters, too shocking to be repeated here; so inveterate was their disbelief in all spiritual agency, whether good or bad. Now, however, the tide would seem to be turning. Certain phenomena have excited much public attention, and given rise to a number of conflicting theories, none of which have appeared thoroughly satisfactory. It is suggested that the Devil may have something to do with it: suddenly a number of *Bible texts* have been remembered which speak of the Devil and his works in a very different manner from what the world has been wont to speak of the same subjects; Protestants see that it is certainly taught in holy Scripture that manifestations of Satanic power may be looked for in the world of matter, as well as of

spirit; in men, in animals, in inanimate substances; *physical* manifestations, in fine, as opposed to manifestations merely *spiritual*: this is their first premiss. Then, here are a number of very strange stories afloat; we have ourselves witnessed some very singular phenomena, which we cannot explain: this is their second premiss. Therefore these things are clearly the work of the Devil: this is their conclusion. We really think that this is a tolerably faithful account of the logical process which has given birth to the great majority of Protestant pamphlets and sermons on the subject of what is called table-turning and table-talking; and without expressing any opinion at present upon the merits of the conclusion, it is at least obvious that the process is irrational and absurd.

The Rev. N. S. Godfrey, of Wortley, near Leeds, was the first, we believe, among the Anglican clergy to sound the trumpet of alarm, in his *Table-moving tested, and proved to be the result of Satanic agency*. This little tract contains about *thirty* pages, the first *twenty* of which are taken up with a scriptural and historical inquiry as to "whether supernatural powers, not of God, have ever been developed, and whether we may expect their development again." "Having thus prepared the way," as he very truly and naïvely expresses it, he proceeds to give the result of his experiments upon the moving of tables: *these occupy barely five pages*; three pages more are devoted to the consideration of the various causes that have been suggested to account for the phenomena described; and then he concludes with a practical exhortation to his readers to prepare for the last days. Thus, little more than a quarter of this very short tract is actually given to an examination of its professed subject; and all the rest is taken up with what may have been very necessary matter to lay before his Protestant readers, but does not really prove the point which he undertook to establish. It proves that Satanic agency is recognised in the Bible; but it does not prove that it need have any thing to do with the subject before us. So much for the testimony of Mr. Godfrey in his first publication. He has now published a second pamphlet; and even of this the first twenty pages are devoted to the same subject, which he considers "absolutely necessary" in these days, viz. to "proving the personal existence of the Devil;" and if we make a further deduction of all the pages that are taken up with an account of the answers supposed to be received from the "rapping spirits," there is but an insignificant remainder left for the investigation of the means by which, and the circumstances under which, these answers were obtained. By and by, "the warning that had been faithfully sounded from

Leeds was re-echoed from Bath," by the voice of another Anglican clergyman, Mr. Gillson. But Mr. Gillson's tract is even shorter than Mr. Godfrey's; and a still smaller portion of it is devoted to the really important point,—the *facts* to be accounted for. He writes under the same strong conviction as Mr. Godfrey, that "there is one important branch of revealed truth, on which even Christian people (*i. e.* Protestants) have shown as much practical infidelity as the world," viz. the snares and powers of Satan; and accordingly, only five pages out of twenty-two relate facts and experiments, the rest insist on the important forgotten truth. Mr. Morgan's *Inquiry into Table-miracles, their Cause, Character, and Consequence*, is a still more feeble and superficial production. Spite of the explicit announcement on the title-page, promising an inquiry into the *cause* and *character* of these table-phenomena, we are told almost in the first page of the book, that it is not the author's "present purpose to inquire whether these manifestations are genuine or not, nor even whether they are the result of natural agencies or not. The questions we propose are, 1. Are physical manifestations of Satanic power *possible*? 2. If possible, is it *probable* that in this nineteenth century such manifestations should appear?" Precisely so: these are the two questions which the Protestant world, or at least that portion of it interested in table-turning, are now engaged in solving; and when they have solved them in the affirmative, they think they have nothing else to do with reference to the tables, but may at once conclude that to this cause, and to no other, are all their gyrations to be attributed. Satanic agency, in the abstract, is *possible*; Satanic agency, in this particular period of the world's history, is *probable*; therefore, that table-turning is a result of Satanic agency is *certain*.

We do not say that this is the logic of all parties, who, having entered upon an investigation of the phenomena referred to, have adopted the same conclusion; but we do say most unhesitatingly that it is the logic of Messrs. Godfrey, Gillson, and Morgan,* and that we believe these gentlemen to present a very average specimen of the intellect of the Protestant "religious world" at present engaged upon this question.

* We must give our readers a specimen of this last-named gentleman's powers as an interpreter of prophecy. It is so curious as to be worth recording. "There is one more testimony," he says, "to these being emphatically the last days, so striking that we will not forbear to quote it. It is written (Nahum, ii. 3, 4): 'The chariots shall be with flaming (*margin*, fiery) torches in the day of his preparation, and fir-trees shall be greatly shaken.' We believe that railway-sleepers are usually, if not invariably, of fir. The next time you see a railway train, especially at night, when the fire is more visible, ask yourself if this is not 'the time of his preparation!'"

But what then, we shall be asked, is our own explanation of the phenomena in question? If they are not the works of the Devil, what are they? We must distinguish in our answer between ordinary table-turning, and what is called table-talking, or spirit-rapping. Mr. Godfrey confounds them, and considers even the former to be the result of Satanic agency, quite as much as the latter. Mere table-turning, however, need not, we think, detain us long. We confess that we see no difficulty in accepting the explanation of Professor Faraday, and of the *Medical Times*, in England, and of Professor Orioli and the editors of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, in Rome. We believe it to be purely the result of unconscious muscular action. It is now twenty years ago since M. Chevreul published in the *Revue des deux Mondes* an explanation of a phenomenon of a somewhat similar nature, which was at that time attracting considerable public attention, and has lately been revived. It was said that "a pendulum of a heavy body and a flexible wire oscillated differently according to the substances above which it was suspended." If an iron ring, for instance, were suspended by a thread over mercury, and held there by the right hand, it was said that it would begin to oscillate; but if some other substance were introduced between the mercury and the ring, that the oscillations would cease, to recommence with the withdrawal of the foreign substance. M. Chevreul tried, by a series of experiments, whether these assertions were true, and at first satisfied himself that they were. But whilst his eyes followed the oscillations of the pendulum, he detected in himself a disposition or tendency to movement; and he observed that this disposition, although involuntary on his part, seemed sensibly to increase in proportion to the extent of the oscillation. *He caused his eyes to be bandaged, and then the interposition of foreign substances between the mercury and the pendulum exercised no sort of influence whatever on the oscillations. He placed a wooden rest under the fingers which held the thread, and the oscillations entirely ceased.* His own explanation of the phenomenon, therefore, was given in these words:

"When I held the pendulum in my hand, a muscular movement of my arm, *although not felt by me*, broke its repose; and the oscillations, once begun, were soon augmented by the influence that the *sight* exercised to put me in a particular state of disposition or tendency to the movement. The muscular movement, however, even when increased by this disposition, is weak enough to stop, not only under the empire of the will, but when there is simply a thought of *trying* whether such a thing will stop it. There is, then, an intimate connection between the execution of certain movements and the act of

the thought relative to it, although this thought be not yet the will which commands the muscular organs."

Does not this explanation fall in most accurately with all the best-authenticated accounts of the phenomena of ordinary table-turning? The following experiment, described by a writer in one of the public journals, appears to us sufficient to warrant an unhesitating answer in the affirmative:

"One evening, two believers, an indifferent person and the 'terrible sceptic' who writes this, stood round a table with hands lightly resting on a hat. After about twelve minutes the sceptic's hands were trembling slightly from tension of the muscles; and his legs becoming fatigued, he rested the main weight of his body on the right leg. Presently the hat began to move. We all asked each other, 'Are you moving it?' and received a conscientious negative; nevertheless, the hat continued moving, with occasional pauses. The idea occurred to the sceptic, that as the hat was moving in the direction in which he leant, perhaps the slight stress so produced might cause the moving; to test this, he changed from right to left leg. The hat stopped; presently it resumed its motion, but this time *from left to right, i. e.* the reverse way. He was still perfectly unconscious of any *effort* to move the hat, although he felt convinced it was occasioned by the slight stress of his body; he suddenly stood erect on both legs, and the motion ceased. It never moved again during that evening.

"At the house of a gentleman who has made frequent experiments, and who for a fortnight was a firm believer in the *electrical theory*, but whose confidence became shaken by the suggestion of certain doubts, the sceptic stood with five other persons round a table which moved with extreme facility on a pivot. This time we waited five and forty minutes without the slightest result; yet the five persons had been eminently successful on all previous occasions in less than fifteen minutes. Whence failure? Because we were all on our guard. We determined to remain entirely *passive*; to stand erect on both legs; to watch our sensations, to be vigilant in neither aiding nor preventing the movement. Yet these very persons only the day before had made the table move with considerable velocity in the direction any one *willed* it; the will of the one person, and the expectant attention of the others, producing a result impossible in the sceptical passive state of mind."

Here then we have, on the one hand, in the experiment of M. Chevreul, a certain result following upon unconscious muscular action, which action was itself produced by a state of expectant attention; and on the other, we have the absence of all result, when the parties engaged have been sufficiently put on their guard against this source of fallacy. It tallies also with this explanation of the phenomenon, that, if you distract the attention of the operators in these experiments, by speaking to them, or by causing them, in any other way, to relieve

their unconscious stress upon the table, or to throw it in an opposite direction to that in which the table is moving, the motion is arrested. We may add also an experiment which was made by a very well-known member of a distinguished religious order, and told by him to us. Being engaged with others in turning a table, he determined to put to the test the suggestion which had been made of the intervention of some supernatural agency; and for this purpose, without mentioning it at all to his companions, he made use, in his own mind, of a very solemn form of words, to the effect that if any evil spirit were engaged in it, the motion should cease. The table immediately stopped. He revoked this intention, and the movements were continued as before. He then repeated the experiment, still forming one of the chain whose hands were upon the table, and with the same result. But like M. Chevreul with the pendulum, so this gentleman with the table, fancied that he detected in himself a disposition or tendency to actual motion, corresponding with the mental acts he was making; or, at least, he was by no means certain that there had not been such a tendency. We mean, that when he made his solemn intention that the table should stop if there were any thing of diabolical agency concerned in its motion, he thought it possible that, as his mind was looking for at least a *possible* result, his fingers might have given an almost involuntary pressure upon the table, sufficient to arrest its motion; and so in like manner, when he revoked that intention, that he unconsciously gave a slight impulse, sufficient to allow of its being set in motion again. The reader will remember M. Chevreul's words, that the muscular movement by which his experiment of the pendulum was explained, was "weak enough to stop, not only under the empire of the will, but *when there is simply a thought of trying whether such a thing will stop it;*" and this was precisely what the priest was doing in the case referred to. He therefore now retired from the table, leaving his former companions still accompanying its movements; and in this detached position he again renewed his solemn invocation of the holy names, *but without the slightest effect.* The result of these experiments was to beget in his own mind a firm conviction that the whole mystery was to be solved by the theory of involuntary muscular action. When he was in a position where the thoughts of his mind, or the purpose of his will, could, through this instrumentality, produce any result, the result was produced, in correspondence with his mental acts; but when he was removed from all contact with the table, so that such unconscious control over its movements was physically impossible, he was unable any longer to affect the results. We know another Catholic gentleman, who, by a

somewhat similar experiment, was disposed to lean towards a different conclusion. This gentleman was usually most successful in causing tables to move exactly as he willed; but when he sprinkled holy water, and placed blessed medals and rosaries upon the object moving, its motions were no longer obedient to his will. Here, however, it may very reasonably be supposed that the will of the operator, and his expectancy of a result, were far from being so strong and confident as they had been in his former experiments. We are well aware also that another explanation might be given of the first history which we have narrated; it might be said that this religious had trifled with holy rites in not rendering implicit obedience to the first and second experiments, and that the failure of the third is therefore to be attributed to himself, and not to the change of circumstances. No doubt, this is possible; considering, however, the purity of intention on the part of the priest, we think few persons will be disposed to think it probable. And since it is an axiom of Catholic prudence in such matters to accept a natural explanation of phenomena, where there is no necessity for having recourse to a supernatural one, we repeat our original statement, that we see no difficulty in adopting the theory propounded by the best authorities both at home and abroad, and referring the ordinary phenomena of table-moving to involuntary muscular action; and we are the more confident in this explanation, since we have found that persons who have at first been dissatisfied with it, and thought it altogether inadequate, have afterwards adopted it, on learning (from actual experiment) how *very* small an amount of *conscious* exertion sufficed to produce the same phenomena.

But what shall we say of table-talking? Is this also an illusion mistaken for a reality? or is it an undeniable fact? and if a fact, how is it to be accounted for? Here it will at once occur to the reader, that the same power which, unconsciously exerted, suffices to set a table in motion, and send it spinning through a room, may also cause it to tip on one side, to lift first one leg and then another, and, in fact, to perform all the evolutions described by Mr. Godfrey. And if the conversations were always carried on in this simple form, the answers being confined to a silent negative, or an affirmative knock, we should be disposed to acquiesce in this explanation at once, and dismiss the subject altogether from our thoughts. There is not one of the examples adduced in Mr. Godfrey's first pamphlet which does not lend itself to this theory with the most obvious simplicity; and Mr. G.'s attempted refutation of it is puerile in the extreme.

"It will, of course, be objected," he says, "that we willed this

table to do what it did, and that involuntary muscular motion did the rest; and that every thing may, under this hypothesis, be explained away. To this I reply, that if the table only moved round, forwards or backwards, or stood still at command,* as in ordinary cases, there might be something in this objection; but it does not affect the present inquiry. For if the table acted from involuntary muscular action according to our wills, how can we account for the fact, that answers were given *contrary to our belief*? Our will acts according to our belief, and an effect which is contrary to that belief, clearly cannot be the result of any power of the will, whether consciously or unconsciously exerted. Now I assert, that when the Bible was laid on the table, the table stopped. The emotion of our minds was curiosity. And during the existence of that emotion, the decision of our will was suspended."

In other words, even though their minds were not, as we have very little doubt but that they were, in a state of actual expectant attention, yet certainly there was "a thought of *trying* whether such a thing would stop the table;" and this, as we have already seen, is often sufficient to arrest the muscular action on which the motion depends. Mr. Godfrey continues:

"The same argument acquires tenfold force in the case of the answer of the table, by which it sought to establish, in our minds, a conviction that there was no Devil, as in that case the answer was diametrically *opposed* to our belief; and consequently our will, acting on our belief, could not possibly have influenced the answer."

We should have thought that the confusion of ideas implied in this sentence could not have escaped even the most obtuse intellect; Mr. Godfrey, however, in the excitement of his supposed discovery, seems not to have noticed it, so that it may not be altogether useless to point it out. No doubt the substance of the answer received was diametrically opposed to his belief, for he believed that there was a devil, whereas the table said there was none; but it was by no means diametrically opposed to *what he expected the table to tell him*; on the contrary, it was precisely the very answer which he must have looked for; for he had already satisfied himself of the presence of evil agency in the matter by the experiment of the Bible stopping the table's motion; moreover, he believed that he had discovered that this evil agency, true to its parentage, told lies. He had every reason, therefore, to expect that the Devil would seek to deny his own existence, in order to throw men off their guard; and he received an answer in exact conformity with this expectation.

Another of Mr. Godfrey's experiments, and his remarks

* Why not add also, "or tipped up on one side, or on the other?"

upon it, will put this confusion of thought in a still clearer light. He asked the table to tell him the day of the month:

"It struck quickly fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, and *after a slight pause, it rose very slowly and fell the seventeenth time.* I said, 'It is wrong now; I do think you (my wife) must have been unconsciously pressing it;' but Mr. — (the curate) looked at his watch, and said, 'No, it's right; it's about three minutes past twelve (at midnight).'" Upon this Mr. G. remarks: "In this case [according to the theory which we have been advocating] involuntary muscular action was right, and mind wrong; and it states a truth which the mind was ignorant of; therefore the muscles know more than the mind, or the body superior to the soul; which is manifestly untrue."

Of course it is; but it is no less manifestly untrue that any such consequences follow from the premises laid down. On the contrary, this experiment singularly confirms the theory of involuntary muscular action. Here are a clergyman, his wife, and his curate, asking a question of the table as to the day of the month; they had been already spending some time in the same occupation in the earlier part of the evening. "It was past eleven o'clock when they left off, and had supper." "It was about twenty minutes before twelve when they laid their hands on again." They ask many questions on other matters (the author himself enumerates eleven or twelve, and says that he asked one of these "four several times"); and *then* they ask for the day of the month. It is obvious that they must needs have had grave doubts in their own mind as to the answer that ought to be given. Fifteen questions, more or less, asked and answered in "*about twenty minutes,*" left margin for uncertainty. The table rises and falls very unhesitatingly sixteen times; for so far all parties were agreed; it had been the sixteenth day of the month when their experiments began; then, "*after a slight pause, it rises slowly, and falls the seventeenth time.*" Supposing the motions of talking-tables to reflect as in a mirror the mental condition of those whose hands are resting upon them, this table could not possibly have expressed with greater accuracy the mental condition of these three persons. "The incumbent" thinks it is not yet twelve o'clock, and says the table is wrong; "the curate" has a suspicion that it *is* past twelve o'clock, pulls out his watch to ascertain the fact, and the reputation of the table, as a most accurate time-piece, is established.

Other confirmations of this theory, as the true explanation of a great deal of "table-talking," are to be found in a consideration of the broad line of distinction which no one can fail to recognise between the general character of the answers

obtained by *spirit-rapping* on the subject of religion, in America and in England. In the former country, men fancy that they learn from their communications with these spirits, that there is no such thing as one dogmatic religion, but that all religions are equally true, that is, all equally false; moreover, that there is no such thing as an eternity of punishment, but that all mankind will be happy in the next world, whatever may have been their creed or their moral conduct in this. In England, on the contrary, where latitudinarianism has not yet attained so complete a development, Messrs. Godfrey, Gillson, and the rest, learn from the same source, and with equal certainty, that all which the Bible teaches is true; nay more, that what is taught in their own Sunday-schools is true; that these evil spirits which are now being tormented in hell, would not have been so punished, had they given heed to these gentlemen's spiritual ministrations whilst yet in the flesh, besides a variety of other curious theological facts, all singularly in harmony with the creed of evangelical Protestantism. One specimen is too curious to be omitted, and will suffice to show the general character of the whole.

"I asked," says Mr. Gillson, "where are Satan's head-quarters? Are they in England? There was a slight movement. Are they in France? A *violent* movement. Are they in Spain? Similar agitation. Are they at Rome? *The table seemed literally frantic.*"

In other words, *both in England and in America, the answers received are a faithful echo of what is already the firm conviction or the secret wish of the interrogator's mind*; and this is precisely what we should expect, supposing the results to be obtained only by the involuntary muscular action of the body acting unconsciously in accordance with the thoughts or will. Mr. Godfrey is astonished that the table should be "more sagacious than a dog, and more obedient than a child;" but most men are sagacious enough to know their own minds, and humble enough to obey their own wills. Mr. Gillson, too, says, "the table was perfectly obedient to every word of command;" but then he adds also this very important condition, that "*it would never answer at all, unless a hand were in contact with it.*" Mr. Godfrey tries to establish a power of locomotion in these tables independently of human aid; but it is in theory only; he has never been able to reduce it to practice. He asked the spirit, "Can you move the table without our hands?" and he received an answer in the affirmative. He then took his hands off, and "commanded it to move;" but *it did not*. We replaced our hands, and I asked, "Is it necessary to place our hands on the table?"—"No."

“Why, then, don’t you move the table when our hands are off? Are you restrained?”—“Yes.”

Our space will not allow us to enumerate all the particulars which we had marked for notice in our perusal of these pamphlets, as circumstances strongly corroborative of the truth of that simple theory which we have propounded. A careful reader, however, taking the clue along with him, cannot fail to recognise many such corroborations, and will be as much struck by their significance as we have been. We will only mention one in this place; and that is, that when the questions concern matters on which the interrogators have definite and decided opinions, or certain knowledge, the answers will generally be found to be minute and correct; at any rate, they are in accordance with that knowledge or those opinions. But where the subject-matter of the discourse is altogether beyond the ken of the interrogators, the answers are either ludicrously unmeaning, or they are minute but false. Thus, on one occasion, Mr. Godfrey makes inquiries about a person whom he knows, and who is known to all the operators in the experiment, being a resident in the same town, but of whose actions on that particular day they happen to be ignorant. They ask the table to inform them, and from its answers they obtain “*a most plausible narrative*, but, as they afterwards ascertain, a parcel of lies.” The answers were false, because the inquirers did not themselves know the truth; but they were *plausible*, that is, they were just what the inquirers knew very well he *might* have been doing. In another instance, Mr. Godfrey satisfied himself that he had had a long discourse with the spirit of one Alfred Brown, a sailor, who had been born on the 18th of October, 1826, and died at a quarter past five on the evening of the 11th of September, 1848, and was buried in the churchyard of Liskeard in Cornwall; that when alive he used to attend a Sunday-school there, that he had not been a drunkard, but otherwise immoral, &c. &c. But in this case he knew nothing whatever of the party concerned; he had no foundation on which to build a *plausible* narrative, and subsequent inquiry proved the whole statement to be utterly unfounded in fact. Moreover, the name of this individual was first spelt Bripa, then corrected to Brown, and a few days afterwards corrected by another spirit to Bripalét. On another occasion, he fancied that he conversed with the spirit of one Maynwarding Job Gordon, who told him that he was related in the fourth degree to an English dukedom, and had lived in the village of Ealwood, at the distance of a mile and a half from Ashby-de-la-Zouche, in Leicestershire, and had died ten years ago. There was some discrepancy also in

the answers of this spirit relatively to his name, and all the statements proved to be as utterly false as those of the supposed Alfred Brown.

Mr. Godfrey, indeed, has an easy way of explaining all these contradictions, and eliciting from them a confirmation of his own theory. He asks the spirit, "Are you telling me a pack of lies?" and he receives an answer in the affirmative; and again, "How many lies have you told us to-night?" the table rapped briskly thirty-eight times. "How many truths?" the table rapped very slowly, six. This is ingenious. A general acknowledgment that all the answers given have been "a pack of lies," or that there have been six doubtful truths to forty decided falsehoods, gives at once a patent stamp of veracity to the whole of the conversation; because, should it appear on subsequent inquiry that there *was* such a person as Alfred Brown, who had lived and died at the time and place mentioned, then the spirit would have spoken truly in his original assertions, and only lied when he retracted them; but if, on the other hand, it should appear that there never had been such a person, then the spirit would have established his character for veracity by the acknowledgment of his previous mendacity. In either case, Mr. Godfrey is able triumphantly to establish the reality of the spiritual manifestation. Altogether the whole argumentative *imbroglio* in which this reasoning is involved, reminds us of the old logical *crux* about Epimenides and his veracity: Epimenides was a Cretan poet, and he says that all the Cretans were liars; therefore, he was himself a liar; therefore, his testimony must be interpreted by the rule of contrary, and the Cretans were *not* liars; therefore, *he* was not a liar; therefore, the Cretans *were* liars; and so on, backwards and forwards, *usque ad infinitum*. Just so it is with Mr. Godfrey and his spirits. The answers received are ridiculously false, and this is because the Devil is "the father of lies;" or they are true, and this is because the spirit is "compelled" to tell the truth, because "he dare not tell a lie about sacred things," and because Mr. G. is "a minister of the Gospel;" or lastly, the answers are "all lazily given," and altogether "nonsensical;" and this is because of the stupidity of this particular spirit, who is immediately "commanded to leave the table, and to send another more intelligent." For five minutes after this command, no answer could be elicited from the table; at length the well-known "crack" was heard, and the table commenced moving. It was then told to spell a name; but "in all these experiments it was wrong:" then in two other instances it was right; then "it answered some minor questions, some correctly, others nonsensically."

At length Mr. G. himself takes the place of one of the sitters, and under his manipulation, the table tells the veracious history of "Maynwaring Job Gordon" already mentioned. We think no person can read this narrative with an ordinary critical eye, and not feel a very strong suspicion that Mr. Godfrey was, however unconsciously, the answerer of his own questions.

Here, however, we shall be reminded that in America the tables answer not by lifting their legs and rapping on the floor, but by certain mysterious knockings, which appear to proceed sometimes from the table, sometimes from the floor, sometimes from other articles of furniture in the room, or the sound seems simply floating in the air; and that true answers are very frequently given by certain *mediums* who know nothing whatever of the circumstances of the questioner, and have no natural means therefore of knowing what answer he expects or desires. This is true; but an easy explanation of this fact has appeared in the public journals, which certainly deserves attention. A party of gentlemen visit one of these American mediums, who has come over to England and practises in London. They sit at the same table with the medium, and with an alphabet and numbers spread out before them, proceed to ask questions; the answers are to be given by audible raps whenever their finger or pencil is pointing at the letter or figure which is required. Two of these gentlemen, we are told, were "purely passive, awaiting a result;" they proposed questions, and then "passed their pencils along the alphabet with such terrible uniformity," giving the medium no sort of indication, no word, no look, no agitation, no lingering of the pencil over particular letters, that she was reduced to vague guessing; and of course, in each guess, it was twenty-five to one against her. "Every single answer they received was erroneous. During the whole evening *they could not once obtain right letters*. Their passiveness forced the medium to rely on mere guessing, and the guessing was always unfortunate." Then came another gentleman of the party, really disbelieving the whole thing, but determined to *act* credulity, and to do consciously what he believed others did unconsciously. His explanation of the phenomenon was this, that the person asking the question really gives the answer also, either by a look of anxious expectancy, or by the more material sign of a lingering of the finger or pencil, at the moment he is touching the letter which is to form the word that is in his mind; and—

"according to this hypothesis, he framed certain traps, into which the medium would infallibly fall, if his supposition were correct. The result was, *that he always had the answers he chose to have*. It

mattered not how false, how absurd, how fantastic the thought which crossed his mind; whatever he determined the spirits should declare, they did declare. He began by asking for the name of a real person, a relative of his. He passed his pencil *equally* along the alphabet without once lingering, until after he had passed the letter J, with which her name began. Finding that he was not to have the real name, he thought he would try if he could not make the raps answer where he pleased. He chose N. *Raps came*. N was written down. 'What name,' thought I, 'shall it be? Naomi or Nancy?' Before I had finally settled," he continues, "my pencil had passed A; and as I saw E, I determined E should be the letter, and E was indicated. N, E, of course, would do for Nelly, and Nelly was spelt."

And so he goes on, narrating the whole experiment, which proceeded exactly in the same way to the end. Subsequently he asked for one of the *Eumenides*; the ready answer assured him of her presence; and the result of his conversation with her was, that she died six years ago, aged twenty-five, leaving seven children; facts for the first time placed at the disposal of some future Blomfield. He afterwards called her back to ask to what sect she belonged when in life, and the answer was *Jew*. All these absurdities he obtained by the same means, viz. his own apparently unconscious, but really deliberate dictation, assuring the medium all the time that the answers were "truly astonishing," a declaration which was accepted by her in perfect faith. This gentleman concludes his interesting account by saying,

"What I did consciously, the credulous do unconsciously. I spelled the words, so do they. The medium knows nothing; she guesses according to the indications you give, and only guesses right when you give right indications; therefore, if you ask what you and you alone can answer, she will answer only on the supposition that you indicate by your manner what the answer is."

That this was the true explanation of the phenomena witnessed *on that particular occasion*, no reasonable person can doubt. The purely passive never once obtained a correct answer; the credulous, or at least the one who acted the part of the credulous, always obtained the answers he chose to form in his own mind according to the caprice of the moment; and a third party, who was in an intermediate condition of semi-credulity, "received answers that were *pretty nearly correct* (*e.g. wafer* was given for *water*); but he admitted afterwards that he was conscious he had *assisted* the medium in the way described."

Having accounted for the occasional correctness of the answers obtained through accredited mediums, it only remains to say a word with reference to the means by which the knock

or raps are in these cases effected. A letter was published in Arcadia, New York, more than two years ago, purporting to be written by a relative of the original discoverers of "spirit-rapping," from which we make the following extract.

"For about two years I was a very sincere believer in the rappings; but some things which I saw when I was visiting the girls [the Foxes, the original spirit-rappers, and with whom she was connected by marriage] at Rochester, made me suspect that they were deceiving. I resolved to satisfy myself in some way; and some time afterwards I made a proposition to Catherine to assist her in producing the manifestations." Circumstances obliged Catherine to accept this proposal; "and after I had helped her a few times, she revealed to me the secret. The raps are produced with the toes. After nearly a week's practice, with Catherine showing me how, I could produce them perfectly myself. At first it was very hard work to do it. Catherine told me to warm my feet, or put them in warm water, and it would then be easier work to rap; she said that she sometimes had to warm her feet three or four times in the course of an evening. I found that heating my feet did enable me to rap a great deal easier. I have sometimes produced 150 raps in succession. Catherine told me how to manage to answer the questions; she said it was generally easy enough to answer right, if the one who asked the questions called the alphabet;" that it was necessary "to watch the countenance and motions of the person, and that in that way they could nearly always guess right."

This letter is signed by a Mrs. Norman Culver, and its authenticity is attested by a physician and a "reverend" minister. The idea, however, cannot fail to occur to our readers that this explanation is far too simple to account for so widespread a marvel as "table-talking;" moreover, they will doubt whether it be possible, that after so express and circumstantial a declaration of imposture on the part of so near a relative of the original "spirit-rappers," the phenomenon could have continued to attract universal attention. We acknowledge the difficulty; and although we cannot learn that any attempt has been made to refute Mrs. Culver's statement, yet we are not unmindful of the false confession by which it was attempted, a few years since, to set aside the well-known prophecy of Orval in a neighbouring country; and we cannot help suspecting here also the presence of something more than what appears upon the surface. Both the theory and the practice of "spirit-rapping" originated in America with the family of Foxes. If it were really true that the whole thing was a cunningly-devised fable, and that one of the family had confessed to the imposture, and divulged the secret, the downfall of the whole edifice was the only consequence that could naturally be expected. No such consequence, how-

ever, has taken place ; so that unless our transatlantic brethren are more wilfully credulous and visionary enthusiasts than we are apt to suppose, we must believe that something is known in her own country to weaken the force of Mrs. Culver's testimony, which has not transpired amongst ourselves. At the same time, it should not be forgotten that, in the history of *spirit-rapping* whose title stands third in the list of books at the head of this article, we have many other confessions of persons, who, after having practised some time as mediums, have since acknowledged themselves to have been guilty of entering into a conspiracy to deceive the public.

For ourselves, we have no doubt that conscious imposture is the true explanation of a certain number of the phenomena of "spirit-rapping;" we believe that unconscious credulity will account for very many more; but is there not, after all, a certain residue, which can only be accounted for by supposing the intervention of some supernatural agency? We answer with the cautious proviso of a Roman response: *Si vera sunt exposita*, undoubtedly there is. Not all the stories told by Mr. Godfrey and Mr. Gillson can be explained by the theory propounded; but then the question arises, *Are the stories true? are the exposita, vera?* And we confess, that the estimate which the literary productions of these gentlemen have led us to form of their intellectual acumen, makes us very suspicious of the value of their testimony. We do not for a moment impugn their good faith; we do not doubt but that they firmly believe every fact they have recorded; nevertheless, we are by no means satisfied that they are competent witnesses. They are evidently deficient in that coolness of judgment, and that vigilant caution against fallacy, which are so necessary in one who bears witness in matters of this delicate nature. We attach far greater weight to the opinion of our learned Roman contemporary, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, than to the alleged experiments of these "evangelical" clergymen, with which, however, in this instance, it happens to coincide, in opposition to our own. A very interesting article, published in that journal a few months since,* adopts the theory of Satanic agency in these manifestations to the fullest possible extent. It does not enter, however, into any minute examination of the facts of the case, but rather takes the published statements for granted, and then applies to them the only solution of which, if their truth be admitted, they seem capable. As far as we can gather from the line of reasoning followed in that article, the writer had never heard of Mrs. Culver's letter from which we have quoted, nor

* No. lxxviii., June 19, 1853.

of the confessions of other impostors; neither does he seem to have been aware of the explanation that has been given, as to the *medium* receiving much valuable assistance from observing the eyes and movements of the interrogator. His information appears to be derived from the statements of American journals in the first place, and secondly, from the testimony of a French gentleman, resident in New York, who (with another) was deputed by a Catholic bishop to investigate the matter in his behalf. For this purpose, M. Henri de la Roche-Heron (the French gentleman employed) attended one of the evening *soirées* of Mrs. Brown, who had been one of the Misses Fox. There he found many other persons, who had paid their dollar, like himself, for the evening's entertainment. He describes all that he saw, and it differs in nothing from what has been already narrated in these pages. He received correct answers, by means of the alphabet and figures, to all the questions which he proposed; and those questions concerned domestic details, known only to himself. But, as we have said, it does not appear that he took any special precaution against betraying the answers, nor even that he was aware of any necessity for being on his guard in this manner. Yet no one, who has considered the facts which we have adduced, will deny that this precaution is absolutely indispensable in those who would arrive at an accurate knowledge of the cause of the phenomena which he was deputed to investigate. Whilst fully agreeing, then, in the principles laid down by our contemporary, we are inclined to question their application in this particular instance; or rather, before acquiescing in the theory which assigns those phenomena to diabolical agency, we desiderate a more sifting examination than we have yet seen of the various ways by which *human* agency might be made to obtain the same results. It is possible that the editors of the *Civiltà* may have done all this, though they have omitted to record the process; and if this be so, their conclusion is ours also. If it be once ascertained, for example, on unexceptionable testimony, and under circumstances where collusion is impossible, that a *medium*, with her eyes blindfolded, will answer correctly questions concerning the most secret, personal or domestic, history of those who come to consult her, we shall subscribe to the opinion of the learned editors of the *Civiltà* with all our heart. But whilst we read that "a Bible and Prayer-Book, lying on the table," actually forms a part of the apparatus of these "spiritual manifestations" in the hands of some of the American mediums who have been imported into this country, we require something more than the testimony of Mr. Godfrey to assure

us that contact with that holy book is sufficient to arrest the motion of a table, and to put to flight the spirits that are supposed to possess it.

But although, with our present knowledge of the subject, we cannot acquiesce in the conclusions of the Roman reviewer, yet there are many principles laid down in the course of his article with which we fully coincide, and whose importance can scarcely be exaggerated. One of these is so very apposite to the circumstances of the present day, and is generally so little thought of, that we cannot forbear from quoting it.

"It is not always innocent," says this writer, "or at least it certainly is not always safe, to push researches and experiments too far, with a view to investigating the secrets of nature from mere motives of curiosity. The powers of nature, when they go beyond certain limits, are so uncertain, and their boundaries so unknown to us, that a man may easily go beyond them almost before he is aware of it, and so find himself entangled in secret commerce with evil spirits, without having clearly and deliberately willed such a result; and though this may sometimes happen without moral guilt, it is not always unattended by danger. . . . That professors of the natural sciences should multiply experiments in order to gain a clearer knowledge of this or that physical agent, and so enrich science with new discoveries, this we can understand; we can still better understand that the authorities of the Church, to whom it belongs to lay down rules for the guidance of consciences, should cause experiments to be made with all those precautions whose full import and necessity they so well understand: but that all the bearded youths and idle and curious young ladies of the country should commit themselves into the hands of the first charlatan that comes in their way, promising to show them mysterious wonders by strange and unknown means,—such a practice as this is most foreign from that spirit of simplicity and prudence which becomes a Catholic. It cannot be indulged without danger in *any* case, and in *most* cases it cannot be without guilt."

These words will be ridiculed by many Protestant readers as savouring of bigotry and narrow-mindedness; to Catholics, however, there has been nothing more painfully shocking in the state of public feeling exhibited in connection with "spirit-rapping," both in England and America, than the greediness with which persons of all classes have sought after information supposed to be derived from such unlawful sources. Even the Anglican clergymen who have written on the subject, so far from using Catholic language on this point, and denouncing as a heinous sin all attempts at intercourse with evil spirits, seem not only to continue the practice themselves, although satisfied of its diabolical character, but in some in-

stances even to encourage the members of their flocks to make other experiments for their own individual satisfaction. Thus, Mr. Godfrey asks one of the spirits whether he does wrong to summon him; and he is assured that he does not. "But should I be wrong to summon you often? *Yes;*" evidently expressing in these answers his own personal opinion: and in another place he says, that he "need not trespass upon the patience of his readers by recording the accounts of certain experiments with the Bible, *as every one may try these things for themselves.*" Mr. Gillson, indeed, adopts a somewhat more Christian tone on the subject, and says, "however exciting or tempting to curiosity, nothing, *I trust*, will induce me to proceed with it *for mere amusement's sake;*" and he seeks to discourage others from doing the same. We observe, too, that Mr. Gillson abstained from asking the name of one of the spirits with whom he imagined himself to be conversing, "because he had told us that his relations lived in Bath, and I thought it might lead to very painful feelings if the name were given;" whilst Mr. Godfrey, on the other hand, had no such scruples, but proceeded to question most minutely what he believed to be the departed spirit of one of his own parishioners. Some of the American mediums who are in this country, or at least *were* here a few months ago, positively addressed themselves in a special manner to "the *religious* public." Thus, we read of one of these, that the *séance* commenced by the gentleman and his wife "laying their palms flat down on the table, and *engaging in silent prayer* for a few minutes; then, after some *invocations* and inquiries, a spirit came," &c.; and here it was that the Bible and Prayer-book (for the rappers belonged to the Protestant Episcopal Church) were lying on the table, and a portion of the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse was read *by order of the spirit*. In another instance, "proceedings were commenced by the singing of a hymn on the power of God," and concluded by all the company placing their hands upon the table; "after which, in a formal and reverential tone, the *medium* returned his thanks to the spirits for the communications they had vouchsafed to the company that evening." This medium, we are told, "refuses to be concerned in degrading the spirit-manifestations to the gratification of vulgar curiosity, as they are, in his opinion, when people ask how many children they have, what is their mother's name, and so forth. "I won't have this wonderful thing used as a toy," says he; "it seems to be the appointed means of bringing great spiritual blessings to mankind, and to that purpose I would confine it." These religious, or quasi-religious mediums profess to devote them-

selves to spiritual rapping, only in order to "gratify *serious and enlightened* minds with spiritual communications from departed friends:" and in the Protestant religious worlds of England and America, hundreds and thousands of persons calling themselves, and believing themselves to be, Bible Christians, do not scruple to have recourse to such means of obtaining information; they run after these mediums with an eagerness of curiosity almost incredible. There are said to be in the city of Cincinnati alone about 800 mediums; many of them, probably the majority, do not profess to be of any religion at all, others, however, belong "to the various persuasions," and all seem to find abundant occupation. In New York there are upwards of 1400, and in the United States altogether about 50,000!

And what have been the fruits of these countless spiritual manifestations? In some instances, murder, and in others adultery, has been a direct and immediate consequence of the information supposed to be received by these means; and in *innumerable* instances suicide and insanity have followed. It is calculated that at least one-sixth of the cases of suicide and insanity which have occurred in the United States during the past twelvemonth may be traced to this cause; and the consequences to public and private morality throughout that country have been so frightfully ruinous, that many of the most respectable journals have implored the interference of government to prohibit the practice of "spirit-rapping" altogether. Were it, then, for no other cause than this, the whole *entourage* of these "spiritual manifestations" would be sufficient to warn all Catholics against having any thing whatever to do with them.

Moreover, it is to be observed, that we have no such motive to excite our curiosity upon this subject as those who are without the gift of faith. The whole question of the reality or non-reality of "spirit-rapping" has for us no practical concern. Whichever way it be decided, it leaves Catholics precisely where it found them. It is a part of our creed that good and evil spirits mix themselves up in the affairs of men, and sometimes take even a visible part in them. The lives of the saints furnish abundant examples of both; our text-books of theology treat of such matters scientifically; our very catechisms do not fail to recognise them. And whilst we are forewarned by all this knowledge, on the one hand, so that we can scarcely be said to be taken by surprise when we hear of any new manifestations of a principle with which we are already familiar; we are also fore-armed, on the other hand, by the most stringent laws, prohibiting us from seeking intercourse

with evil spirits of our own free-will, and by most efficacious remedies guarding us against their mischievous attacks.

And this perhaps is the most interesting point of view from which this whole subject can be approached by a Catholic, viz. the relations it bears to Catholic practices and Protestant prejudices against them; certainly it is one which suggests many profitable reflections, with which we must for the present conclude. Catholics have always believed that the fallen angels could take upon themselves divers forms and appearances, and could, either visibly or invisibly, torment and harass the children of men; that sometimes power is given them to injure the body, sometimes to terrify the soul; and that they are always ready and eager to do evil. They have entertained this belief because such was the teaching of the Church, written in the holy Scriptures, recorded by ecclesiastical history, enshrined in the rites and ceremonies of the Church, and in the continual tradition of the faithful; all this Catholics have believed, and the Protestant world has scoffed at them for their credulity. Now this same Protestant world is eagerly swallowing the very same belief, only disfigured by numerous extravagances, and resting on the very insufficient foundation of half a dozen imaginary experiments, or even, in some cases, of a *single* experiment. Moreover, Catholics have always believed that this power of the evil spirits might be kept in check, or altogether destroyed, by certain forms of prayer used for that purpose, or certain external objects, having no value or power in themselves, but receiving a value and a power from the special blessing and consecration of the Church, whereby they are separated from that class of inanimate objects to which they naturally belong, and become invested with a kind of sacred character. Hence Catholics have been used in all ages to sprinkle their dwellings with holy water, and to have them blessed by the priest, believing, as St. Chrysostom tells us, that evil spirits would not dare to enter within the precincts of a house sprinkled with water which the Church had blessed; hence also they have used blest medals, and scapulars, and other holy objects: and great has been the ridicule with which Protestants have treated them for so doing. But now, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, Protestant clergymen, even of the Evangelical or Low-Church school, gravely tell us that a copy of the Bible, or the mere letters which make up the Holy Name, are sufficient to break the power of the Devil, and to render him dumb and harmless. And what is this but the very same practice, almost in an exaggerated form, with which they have so long upbraided us? it is to

assign to material objects a new and a sacred life not proper to them, but which they are supposed to derive from the meaning of the words and characters impressed upon them.

Want of space forbids our pursuing this subject any further at present; should, however, any new phenomena, adequately attested, be brought before the public, we may perhaps return to it again. Indeed, since these sheets were sent to press, we have seen accounts of certain private experiences of "spirit-rapping" of a most painfully distressing character, which, if correctly described, certainly do not admit of any natural explanation.

HAYDON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter, from his Autobiography and Journals. Edited and compiled by Tom Taylor, of the Inner Temple, Esq. Longmans.

THE life of Haydon reads like an old Greek tragedy. A more sad and fearful drama is seldom presented on the stage of history. Other lives abound in crime, or frightful incidents, or scenes of anguish and pathos. In the story of Haydon the interest is that of a peculiar, unhappy man, possessed with what paganism might have called a Fate, but what we know to have been a passion, ruling his career with stern, unvarying force, from boyhood till he lay self-destroyed on the floor of his own painting-room. To like him is impossible; to pity him, except as we pity all who are miserable and selfish, is difficult; yet the interest never flags as we read on through the long series of years marked by the dominance of one master-passion, and darkened by an ever-increasing gloom, till the drama seems to come to its catastrophe by a natural development, the unity of person and action being complete.

Like a tragic drama, too, as tragedy has oft been written, the scenes of Haydon's history are profusely scattered with touches of what is affecting, or comic, or witty, or lively, or interesting. The same energy which, uncontrolled by self-knowledge, guided the gladiatorial painter through the chequered but consistent events of his life, affected him in every little thing that he said and did. Thus the gloom of the tragedy is perpetually illumined by rays of light and cheerfulness, which in no way detract from the general unity of the dra-

matic action, while they serve to relieve the reader from a too-prolonged strain on his feelings.

A more curious book, in fact, has seldom been published, certainly not in the way of autobiography. Haydon was a greater master of the pen than the pencil; circumstances brought him into contact with many men, either eminent, notorious, or interesting; he wrote most ample journals, and possessed the faculty of telling anecdotes and repeating conversations with more than ordinary skill. The result is a book which may fairly take rank next to that other singular and interesting piece of artist autobiography, the memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, as rare specimens of self-exposition on the part of their authors, and as illustrations of artist-life, its trials and its consolations, in the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Those who were familiar with the proceedings in the world of art some twenty or thirty years ago, were every now and then amused, pained, disgusted, or pleased, at some fresh manifestations of the violence, conceit, and abilities of a certain painter, who imagined himself called on to create an era of "high art" in England by his own paintings and writings. Every now and then he exhibited a solitary picture in some exhibition-room, or printed a vehement and clever pamphlet, or addressed Parliament in an argumentative, rhapsodical, and begging petition, or got into the King's Bench for debt, and was got out again by his friends; till the very name of Haydon grew to be synonymous with every thing that is abnormal, fierce, clever, and intolerable. At length the world was one day startled with the announcement that the artist's unhappy career was violently terminated. A life from the first miserable through want of self-control, was become at last too wretched to be borne by one so little accustomed to govern himself; and Haydon died as he had lived, writing about God and religion, parading his woes and his vanity without shame to the public gaze, leaving a wife and orphans to fight alone with adversity, and deliberately destroying himself with his own hand.

Now, after seven years have passed, his autobiography and journals have been placed in the hands of an editor, who has compressed what was redundant, filled up the outline of the life where it was wanting, omitted such portions as delicacy to the living forbade to publish, and substituted blanks for proper names, where the real names might, rightly or wrongly, give offence. In the fulfilment of so delicate a task, doubtless no two persons would altogether agree as to what should be done and what left undone. Still, on the whole, we think

Mr. Taylor has accomplished his work with judgment and fairness. Being merely called upon to arrange and compile, he has not thought it necessary to decide on the somewhat difficult question as to the duties of a "biographer" towards the man whose life he writes. Some think that biographers ought to be like *modern* portrait-painters, and *idealise* those they paint. Others are for writing the lives of persons recently dead as Raffaëlle and Rembrandt painted those who sat to them, *as they were in fact*, ugly or handsome, cadaverous or bright-complexioned, sour or amiable. Mr. Taylor's office has been to help Haydon to describe himself. He has indeed appended a brief sketch of his character to the last volume, and has inserted an occasional sentence of opinions in the course of the work; and we think has in these estimated the strange subject of the book very much at his real worth.

The "moral" of Haydon's life is, indeed, so palpable that none can overlook it. He supplies one of the most melancholy and even awful warnings of the consequences of the indulgence of any one dominant passion which biographical records have preserved. What that master-passion was, it is not very easy to define. It was not precisely pride, or vanity, or egotism, or conceit, or utter incapacity of humility, or absolute blindness to his own merits and deficiencies, or insensibility to the first dictates of religion. All these elements of self-worship were more or less mingled in his character; and the result is something so strangely wild, so spasmodically energetic, so intolerably and offensively impudent, so lamentably helpless, so absurdly ridiculous, that it forms a psychological study as singular as it is painful. The autobiography itself completes the unity of his character. Thousands and millions of men have been and are every whit as preposterously self-worshipping as Haydon, but few in any age have been so unblushing and self-satisfied in the record of their folly. We know what autobiographies generally are. For the most part they keep us in a perpetual smile at their author's vanity peeping out from beneath an affectation of modesty. But here there is no affectation, at least of humility. His other vices and sins Haydon sedulously, for the most part, conceals. He wants to be a hero, as truly as any other man who has pretended to describe himself to his fellow-creatures. He is as skillful as need be in concealing every thing that *he thought* was to his discredit, though enough peeps out now and then to let us behind the scenes into his real life. But his vanity stares us in the face from every page of his writing, from its very boundless excess, which made him never even suspect himself of an error in his self-appreciation.

To crown the whole, the cant of a sham religiousness never forsakes him. "God bless my efforts!" and a hundred other pious ejaculations and prayers come forth from his pen as freely as oaths from many men, while the autobiographer himself betrays the fact, that it was not always with *blessing* that the name of Almighty God was connected in his mouth or in his writings. Mr. Taylor cleverly calls his prayers "begging-letters despatched to the Almighty." And at last he sits down and writes a will, combining expressions of pious faith with the horrid blasphemy, that *to do evil is the prerogative of God only*; and immediately afterwards cuts his throat and shoots himself! What a terrible, what an awful scene! Many will say this was madness. Yet it was the natural completion of his life from boyhood. His religious apology for suicide was in perfect keeping with the whole of his career; more hideous, no doubt; more portentously shocking, but not out of character with the extravagant self-deception of his entire life. God forbid that we should *judge* him, or say that he was *not* mad; but we cannot but think, from all that appears, that we are no more justified in asserting confidently that a man who died as Haydon died *must be* insane, than in pretending that nothing but madness could induce a man to be guilty of *any* deliberate mortal sin.

Yet we must do him the justice to add, that *sincerely* (as it seems) he believed in the truth of Christianity. This is not much, to be sure, when belief is a mere abstract, uninfluential opinion. In Haydon's case, his faith, such as it was, appears in a strange, heterogeneous way, prompting him now to a vehement defence of Christianity against the miserable infidels with whom he associated; now to saying prayers with his family, and so framing his petitions as to *preach at* his children's delinquencies; now to a fit of Bible-reading, or the selection of a text as a motto for his journals. The following is his account of one of his arguments with his unbelieving friends. It is worth studying, if only to show *what* these boasting infidels are in their private conversations. The individual for whose name Haydon's editor has substituted a blank, we take to be Leigh Hunt; the description precisely fits him; and if we are right in the surmise, we have here a proof of what has struck us in reading Hunt's incessant attacks (in his writings on all kinds of subjects) on the doctrine of eternal punishment. We always thought that the hatred that unhappy man shows to this awful subject is accompanied with an inward terrifying conviction that an eternity of woe *does* await the impenitent sinner.

"'It was now,' says Haydon, 'I was first invited to meet Shelley,

and readily accepted the invitation. I went a little after the time, and seated myself in the place kept for me at the table, right opposite Shelley himself, as I was told after, for I did not then know what hectic, spare, weakly, yet intellectual-looking creature it was carving a bit of broccoli or cabbage in his plate as if it had been the substantial wing of a chicken;—and his wife and her sister, Keats, Horace Smith, and myself made up the party.

“In a few minutes Shelley opened the conversation by saying, in the most feminine and gentle voice, ‘as to that detestable religion, the Christian—’ I looked astounded; but casting a glance round the table, easily saw by ——’s expression of ecstacy and the women’s simper, I was to be set at that evening *vi et armis*. No reply, however, was made to this sally during dinner; but when the dessert came, and the servant was gone, to it we went like fiends. —— and —— were Deists. I felt exactly like a stag at bay, and resolved to gore without mercy. Shelley said the Mosaic and Christian dispensations were inconsistent. I swore they were not; and that the Ten Commandments had been the foundation of all the codes of law in the earth. Shelley denied it. —— backed him. I affirmed they were, neither of us using an atom of logic. Shelley said Shakspeare could not have been a Christian, because of the dialogue in Cymbeline.

Gaoler. For look you, sir, you know not the way you should go.

Posthumus. Yes, indeed I do, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in his head then, and I have never seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some who take upon themselves to know, or take upon yourself that I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed on your journey’s end, I think you will never return to tell me.

Post. I tell ye, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness.

“I replied, that proved nothing; you might as well argue Shakspeare was in favour of murder, because, when he makes a murderer, he is ready to murder, as infer he did not believe in another world or in Christianity, because he has put sophistry about men’s state after death in the mouth of his gaoler.

“I argued that his own will might be inferred to contain his own belief; and there he says, ‘In Jesus Christ hoping and assuredly believing, I, W. Shakspeare, &c. * * * *’ Shelley said, ‘That was a mere matter of form.’ I said, ‘That opinion was mere matter of inference; and, if quotation were argument, I would give two passages to one in my favour.’ They sneered, and I at once quoted:

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation.

And again:

Why, all the souls that are were forfeit once,
And He that might th' advantage best have took,
Found out the remedy.

"Neither Smith, Keats, nor — said a word to this; but still Shelley, —, and — kept at it, till finding I was a match for them in argument, they became personal, and so did I. We said unpleasant things to each other; and when I retired to the other room for a moment, I overheard them say, 'Haydon is fierce.' 'Yes,' said —, 'the question always irritates him.' As the women were dressing to go, — said to me, with a look of nervous fear, 'Are these creatures to be d—d, Haydon?' 'Good heaven!' said I, 'what a morbid view of Christianity!'

"The assertion of —, that these sort of discussions irritated me is perfectly true; but it was not so much the question as their manner of treating it. I never heard any sceptic, but Hazlitt, discuss the matter with the gravity such a question demanded. The eternity of the human soul is not a joke, as — was always inclined to make of it—not in reality, for the thought wrenched his being to the very midriff; but apparently, that he might conceal his frightful apprehensions. For he was by nature gloomy, and all his wit, and jokes, and flowers, and green fields, were only so many desperate efforts to break through the web which hung round and impeded him. Luckily for me, I was deeply impressed with the denunciations, the promises, the hopes, the beauty of Christianity. I received an impression at an early age, which has never been effaced, and never will; and which neither the insidious efforts of —, nor the sophistry of Shelley, ever for a moment shook. My irritation proceeded not from my fear of them, but from my being unable to command my feelings when I heard Voltaire almost worshiped in the very same breath that had called St. Paul, Mister Paul; and when, with a smile of ineffable superiority, it was intimated that he was a cunning fellow. I used to say, 'Let us go on without appellations of that kind: I detest them.' 'Oh, the question irritates you!' was the reply. 'And always will when so conducted,' was my answer. 'I am like Johnson: I will not suffer so awful a question as the truth or falsehood of Christianity to be treated like a new farce; and if you persist, I will go.' It was singular to watch the fiend that had seized —'s soul, trying with the most accomplished artifices to catch those of his friends. Often, when all discussion had ceased, and the wine had gone freely round; when long talk of poetry and painting had, as it were, opened our hearts, — would suddenly (touching my arm with the most friendly pressure) show me a passage in the Bible and Testament, and say, as if appealing to my superiority of understanding, 'Haydon, do you believe this?' 'Yes,' I would instantly answer, with a look he will remember. He would then get up, close the book, and ejaculate, 'By heavens, is it possible!' This was another mode of appeal to my vanity. He would then look out of window with an affected indifference, as if he pitied my shallow

mind; and going jauntily to the piano, strike up, *Così fan tutti*, or *Addio il mio cuore*, with a 'Ring the bell for tea.'

"After this dinner, I made up my mind to subject myself no more to the chance of these discussions, but gradually to withdraw from the whole party."

This resolution he seems, on the whole, to have kept. In justice to Hunt also, let us add, that he appears to have behaved to Haydon when in trouble with great kindness and liberality. On the whole, indeed, the autobiography leaves quite as favourable an impression of the inner life of the world of art as we expected to see. Haydon was possessed with a monomania on the subject of the Royal Academy. They used him ill, no doubt, at first; and his fiery pride ever after led him to identify the proceedings of the academicians with every thing that is false, sneaking, intriguing, and revengeful. To the end of his days the Academy was a perfect hobgoblin in his distorted vision. As the Rev. Wm. Sewell, of Exeter College, Oxford, sees a bloody Jesuit in every butcher that carries a knife at his girdle, and an emissary of the Pope in every Irish apple-woman in St. Giles', so was Haydon persuaded that the academicians were at the bottom of every obstacle to his success.

The fact is, however, that it is surprising he ever got so much to do as he did. His abilities were considerable, but he was very far from being a Raffaele, a Titian, or a Rubens. His habits were violently irregular; he evidently indulged himself in every thing that he fancied; he scorned portrait-painting as a disgrace; he got into debt recklessly; quarrelled with every body on the smallest misunderstanding; his impudence in forcing himself and his theories forward wherever any thing was to be hoped for was unparalleled; his letter-writing we take to be unique in the history of bores;—yet for the first twenty years of his artist-life he received an average of 500*l.* a year for his works, and for the next six years an average of nearly 800*l.* Still he was *always* in debt, always borrowing money, and again and again in the Bench. His life was one endless whirl of excited feelings. A paragraph or two from his own journal of 1836, and from Mr. Taylor's remarks on his life of the previous year, may be taken examples of his whole life. Conceive what *such* a life must have been, prolonged (from his first starting as a painter) for six and thirty years!

"Through all the sore struggle of this year," writes Mr. Taylor, a Haydon had seen more of fashionable society than at any period since that of his early successes. I find constant mention of

dinners, and routs, and charade-parties. Entered *pêle-mêle* with notes of invitation to such gay and pleasant parties are urgent appeals for commissions to great patrons, lawyers' letters, many notes refusing assistance, not a few giving it. No wonder that the constant battling with necessity had already begun to tell as well on Haydon's mode of working as on his powers. He was now painting pictures for bread,—repeating himself,—dispatching a work in a few days that in better times he would have spent months over,—ready to paint small things, as great ones would not sell,—fighting misery at the point of his brush; and, with all his efforts, obliged to eke out a livelihood by begging and borrowing, in default of worse expedients, such as bills and cognovits. In short, the net of embarrassment was now drawn closely about him, never more to be struggled clear of while he lived. A less elastic temperament and a less vigorous constitution would have broken down in one year of such a fight. Haydon kept it up for ten. One justice must be done him; if he pleaded hard for himself in his necessities, he pleaded as passionately for art."

And thus he writes himself:

"4th.—In the City, for what the City is only fit for—cash; and disappointed.

"5th.—In the City for cash, and, the best of the joke is, got it. Lord Audley called, and sat while I finished his second son. Settled the size and every thing. All now afloat, thanks to God! What I have gone through, these pages testify! Let any man of feeling reflect, that on the loss of a beautiful infant, we were obliged to pawn our winter things to bury her,—that when my dear Mary was screaming in labour, I rushed into my parlour, took down the drawings of my children, and raised 2*l.* on them, after my landlord had advanced me 3*l.*,—that on the night of my most brilliant success, I took my coat out of pawn, and had the torture of being obliged to return it the next day, with the thunder of public applause ringing in my ears."

His entry on the following 12th of April is an amusing illustration of his feelings towards people engaged in business. It causes no surprise to find that such extravagances were accompanied with unmitigated tuft-hunting.

"In the City and succeeded. Curse the crowded, stinking, smoky, golden City, with its iron, money-getting, beastly, under-bred snobs!"

With all these violent absurdities, the journals are studded with amusing and characteristic anecdotes, cleverly told, and bearing every stamp of correctness in the relation. Haydon's fortune and his impudence brought him into contact with many distinguished personages. He laid on the butter of flattery with the brush of a scene-painter, and the vanity of

his idols very often was charmed with the process. What would they have thought could they have read the flatterer's secret criticisms? One of his idols was Wordsworth. He lauded Wordsworth unsparingly, and Wordsworth sonneted him in return. And here we have Wordsworth sketched by the hand to whom he penned the sonnet. The contrast between Wordsworth and Scott is characteristic:

"Sir Walter Scott, Lamb, Wilkie, and Proctor have been with me all the morning, and a most delightful morning have we had. Scott operated on us like champagne and whisky mixed. In the course of conversation he alluded to *Waverley*; there was a dead silence. Wilkie, who was talking to him, stopped, and looked so agitated, you would have thought that he was the author. I was bursting to have a good round at him, but as this was his first visit I did not venture. It is singular how success and the want of it operate on two extraordinary men, Walter Scott and Wordsworth. Scott enters a room and sits at table with the coolness and self-possession of conscious fame; Wordsworth with a mortified elevation of head, as if fearful he was not estimated as he deserved.

"Scott is always cool and very amusing. Wordsworth often egotistical and overwhelming. Scott can afford to talk of trifles, because he knows the world will think him a great man who condescends to trifle; Wordsworth must always be eloquent and profound, because he knows that he is considered childish and puerile. Scott seems to wish to appear less than he really is; while Wordsworth struggles to be thought, at the moment, greater than he is suspected to be.

"This is natural. Scott's disposition is the effect of success operating on a genial temperament, while Wordsworth's evidently arises from the effect of unjust ridicule wounding an intense self-esteem.

"I think that Scott's success would have made Wordsworth insufferable; while Wordsworth's failures would not have rendered Scott a whit less delightful.

"Scott is the companion of nature in all her feelings and freaks; while Wordsworth follows her like an apostle, sharing her solemn moods and impressions."

Here, again, we have a comparison between Wordsworth and Moore:

"Met Moore at dinner, and spent a very pleasant three hours. He told his stories with a hit-or-miss air, as if accustomed to people of rapid apprehension. It being asked at Paris who they would have as a godfather for Rothschild's child, 'Talleyrand,' said a Frenchman. '*Pourquoi, Monsieur?*' '*Parcequ'il est le moins Chrétien possible.*'

"Moore is a delightful, gay, voluptuous, refined, natural creature; infinitely more unaffected than Wordsworth; not blunt and uncultivated like Chantrey, or bilious and shivering like Campbell. No

affectation, but a true, refined, delicate, frank poet, with sufficient air of the world to prove his fashion, sufficient honesty of manner to show fashion has not corrupted his native taste; making allowance for prejudices instead of condemning them, by which he seemed to have none himself: never talking of his own works, from intense consciousness that every body else did; while Wordsworth is always talking of his own productions, from apprehension that they are not enough matter of conversation. Men must not be judged too hardly; success or failure will either destroy or better the finest natural parts. Unless one had heard Moore tell the above story of Talleyrand, it would have been impossible to conceive the air of half-suppressed impudence, the delicate, light-horse canter of phrase with which the words floated out of his sparkling Anacreontic mouth.

"One day Wordsworth at a large party leaned forward at a moment of silence, and said, 'Davy, do you know the reason I published my 'White Doe' in quarto?' 'No,' said Davy, slightly blushing at the attention this awakened. 'To express my own opinion of it,' replied Wordsworth."

In 1814 Haydon went to Paris with his early friend Wilkie. The memoranda in the journal are lively and instructive, though Haydon was a passionate hater of every thing French. As no one knows to what diplomacy and continental wars may soon lead us, a few passages illustrative of the past, when the great war was just over, deserve quoting. At Fontainebleau they saw Napoleon's private apartments:

"The château I found superb beyond any palace near Paris. It was furnished with fine taste. Napoleon's bed hung with the richest Lyons green velvet with painted roses, golden fringe a foot deep; a footstool of white satin with golden stars; the top of the bed gilt, with casques and ostrich plumes, and a golden eagle in the centre grappling laurel. Inside the bed was a magnificent mirror, and the room and ceiling were one mass of golden splendour. The panels of the sides were decorated in chiaroscuro with the heads of the greatest men.

"No palace of any Sultan of Bagdad or monarch of India ever exceeded the voluptuous magnificence of these apartments.

"The valet who showed me round had lived with Napoleon ten years, and talked of him with a mournful respect. He said he was a good master, and paid him regularly and well; that he was always an affectionate husband to Maria Louisa; that he was irritable and capricious at times, especially if his bell were not answered immediately; that he saw him within ten minutes after his abdication; that he was quite calm, and that the only time he ever saw him affected was on his return to Fontainebleau, when he found Paris taken. This man assured me he attended him the moment he arrived, and he thought something had happened, for the emperor was pale and shaken; but in about two hours it went off, and never afterwards was he otherwise than self-possessed.

"I strolled about the town, which was small; the streets were full of Napoleon's guards.

"In a secluded part near the palace, a nun, as I thought, was standing on the step of a door. I went up, and inquired if this was a nunnery. She said 'No;' and asked me to walk up; when I found it a hospital of Sisters of Mercy, filled with wounded soldiers, French, Austrian, Russian, and Prussian. No beds could be of more snowy whiteness than those the wounded were lying on in feeble helplessness, with their hollow cheeks pressed close to the pillow, enjoying the sunny air which came in at the windows. Their feverish eyes followed us with an eager debility. They all seemed pleased at the sight of a stranger. They were too weak to speak; but their looks lingered on us till we left them.

"On going upstairs we found a room full of the dying; some were sitting up supported by pillows; others, too weak to sit up, were feebly repeating the prayers after a sister on her knees in the middle of the room, and all who had strength followed her with long, broken, and tremulous sounds, crossing themselves, and so intensely occupied that our entering was not perceived, and we withdrew with noiseless sympathy.

"These were the worst cases, of which there was no hope. On leaving this touching place, I put my hand in my pocket, and feeling embarrassed, the sister, in the sweetest manner, put out her hand, and said '*Pour les pauvres, Monsieur.*'

"She showed me the medicines with labels in French, and bid me adieu with great grace—she was rather young and interesting.

"In the evening I strolled to the parade: more dreadful-looking fellows than Napoleon's guard I had never seen. They had the look of thorough-bred, veteran, disciplined banditti. Depravity, indifference, and blood-thirstiness were burnt in their faces—black moustaches, gigantic caps, a slouching carriage, and a ferocious expression, were their characteristics. If such fellows had governed the world, what would have become of it? They were large, tall, and bony, but narrow-chested; and on seeing the English cavalry afterwards, on their road to Boulogne from Bayonne, it was easy to predict who would have the best in a close grapple. On returning again to the palace after the parade, where I had been eyed with a good deal of curiosity by officers and men, some of the guard came into the yard.

"Recognising me, they collected round me, and their familiar and frank bearing soon took away all dislike. They all swore they cried when Napoleon took leave, and that Colonel Campbell and the Austrian and the Prussian cried: the Russian did not seem moved. When the eagle was brought up, the ensign turned away his head for crying.

"'Napoleon was a great man: he shot D'Enghien, and had many faults; but he was never beaten.' '*Il était trahi, il était trahi,*' all said. 'Did he cry?' said I to a grenadier. 'He cry!' replied the

old moustache; '*il était toujours ferme.*' 'Why does the king have us to guard him,' said one, 'instead of parade soldiers?'

"The sister at the hospital told me all their sufferings had been from the guards and line, and that the Cossacks and Russians had behaved admirably when quartered in the town."

Akin to these are the recollections which Haydon obtained from Sammons, a magnificent specimen of the animal man, who had fought under Wellington, and who now began to serve the painter as a model:

"The description of the men was simple, characteristic, and poetical. They said when the Life Guards and Cuirassiers met, it was like the ringing of 10,000 blacksmiths' anvils. One of them knew my models, Shaw and Dakin. He saw Dakin, while fighting on foot with two Cuirassiers, also on foot, divide both their heads with cuts five and six. He said Dakin rode out foaming at the mouth, and cheered on his troop. In the evening he saw Dakin lying dead, cut in pieces. Dakin sat to me for the sleeping groom on his knees, in Macbeth.

"Another saw Shaw fighting with two Cuirassiers at a time. Shaw, he said, always cleared his passage. He saw him take an eagle, but lose it afterwards; as when any man got an eagle, all the troops near him on both sides left off fighting, and set on him who had the eagle. He went on himself very well; but riding too far was speared by a Lancer, and fainted away. Recovering, he sat upright, when three or four Lancers saw him, rode at him, and speared him till they thought him dead. He remembered nothing till revived by the shaking, as they carried him to the yard of La Haye Sainte. There he heard some one groaning, and turning round saw Shaw, who said, 'I am dying; my side is torn off by a shell.' His comrade told us how he had swooned away, and being revived by their taking him up to be carried to Brussels at daybreak, he saw poor Shaw dead, with his cheek in his hand.

"Corporal Webster, of the 2d Life Guards, saw Shaw give his first cut. As he was getting down the rising ground into the hollow road, a Cuirassier waited and gave point at his belly. Shaw parried the thrust; and before the Frenchman recovered, cut him right through his brass helmet to the chin, and 'his face fell off him like a bit of apple.'

"Another, Hodgson (a model, and the finest of all, standing six feet four inches, a perfect Achilles), charged up to the French baggage. He saw artillery driver-boys of sixteen crying on their horses. In coming back a whole French regiment opened, and let him pass at full gallop, then closed, and gave him a volley, and never hit him or horse.

"The first man who stopped him was an Irishman in the French service. He dashed at him, and said, 'D—n you, I'll stop your crowing.' Hodgson said he was frightened, as he had never fought anybody with swords. Watching the Cuirassier, however, he found

he could not move his horse so quickly as he could; so letting go the reins, and guiding his horse with his knees, as the Cuirassier gave point at his throat, Hodgson cut his sword-hand off, and dashed his sabre through his throat, turning it round and round. The first cut he gave him was on his cuirass, which he thought was silver lace. The shock nearly broke his own arm. 'D—— me, sir,' he added, 'now I had found out the way, I soon gave it them.' As Hodgson rode back, after being fired at, an officer encountered him. Hodgson cut his horse at the nape, and as it dropped dead, the officer's helmet rolled off, and Hodgson saw a bald head and white hairs. The officer begged for mercy; but at that instant a troop of Lancers was approaching at a gallop, so Hodgson cleaved his head in two at a blow, and escaped. The recollection of the white hairs, he told us, pained him often. Before he got back to the British lines, a Lancer officer charged him, and missing his thrust, came right on Hodgson and his horse. Hodgson got clear, and cut his head off at the neck at one blow, and the head bobbed on his havresack, where he kept the bloody stain.

"Wilkie, I, and Scott kept the poor fellows long and late, rewarded them well, and sent them home in charge of Corporal Sammons, as proud as the Duke, for they were under his command for the evening. Sammons always seemed astounded that the battle of Waterloo had been gained and he not present.

"Meanwhile, Sir George Cockburn had taken Napoleon on board and sailed. But before this, Eastlake, being at Plymouth, went out in a boat, and made a small whole-length. Napoleon seeing him, evidently (as Eastlake thought) stayed longer at the gangway. The French officers gave him this certificate:—'*J'ai vu le portrait que M. Eastlake a fait de l'Empereur Napoléon, et j'ai trouvé qu'il est très ressemblant, et qu'il a en outre le mérite de donner une idée exacte de l'habitude du corps de S. M.*'

(Here follow their names and Captain Maitland's.)

"In the letter mentioning this circumstance, Eastlake wrote, 'I cannot resist telling you a story characteristic of the French, which I had from a naval officer who was prisoner at Boulogne. One fine but windy day, an English ship was obliged to put into the mouth of the harbour, under shelter of a hill, but out of the reach of the batteries. The commandant of the place, just preparing to take his morning ride, ordered out some of their large praams, which we have heard of, to take her. It was represented to him that they would certainly be lost if they ventured without a certain part of the harbour. However, the governor would not be swayed by this advice, and was obeyed accordingly. As he returned to dine in the afternoon, he met people carrying along some drowned men. '*Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça ?*' '*Monsieur, ce sont les corps de ces malheureux qui ont péri en obéissant à vos ordres.*' '*Ah !*' (taking a pinch of snuff), '*eh bien, on ne peut pas faire des omelettes sans casser les œufs ;*' and so went to his dinner."

Eastlake, now President of the Academy, was Haydon's pupil, as also were Landseer, Lance, and others since distinguished in art, and more fortunate than their master.

Haydon's commissions for pictures of recent events, such as the Reform Banquet at Guildhall, brought him into intercourse with many political personages, and he tells many good stories thus picked up. He *bored* them all most pertinaciously about high art and himself, two subjects inseparable in his mind, and we must say that he was endured with wonderful patience. From the Duke of Wellington he wrung a request that there might be a cessation in the letters he wrote him. He worshipped the Duke; but a more tiresome devotee no idol ever had. Then we have Lords Grey, Melbourne, Althorp, Brougham, Normanby, and a host of other celebrities, from Peel downwards, figuring in the journal, and furnishing a very pretty supply of gossiping reading. We must find room for the following story of the Duke of Wellington. Who may be the plucky artist who thus gave the Duke a Roland for his Oliver, we cannot guess. The scene occurred in 1844:

"I went to the Cartoons, and dined with a pupil at Richmond, at the Star and Garter. I met —, the sculptor, who told me his rencontre with the Duke of Wellington. The Duke had written Storr and Mortimer he would see — on Wednesday; they told him nothing of it till Wednesday afternoon. Off he set on Thursday, and came on the Duke when he was deeply studying some papers, and details connected with India (I suspect the Affghanistan affair), and after keeping him waiting a whole day, which he had set aside.

"The Duke came down as soon as — was announced, and on entering, flew at him in a fury. — told me he included in the most violent imprecations himself, with all other artists, for what he called 'tormenting him,' adding that his career was over at forty-seven, and asking why they could not be content with what they had done already. — said he bent his fist to knock the clay model to pieces; but the Duke got up on the horse, and — modelled away.

"When he had done sitting he withdrew, and — took his bag up to the steward, and was about to retire to the inn to dine. The steward said, 'Sir, the Duke expects you at dinner, and to sleep here.' 'Tell the Duke,' said —, 'I'll be hanged if I dine at the table of any man who uses me as he has done.'

"— went to the inn, and was drinking his wine, when he saw a groom galloping towards the house. He inquired for Mr. —. He was shown in. — said, 'Tell the Duke I'll neither dine at his table nor sleep at his house.'

"The next day he went again. The Duke came in, in a very bad temper, and said, 'I suppose I may read my letters?' He sat

and read, and tore open his letters in a fury ; — finished. The Duke began to melt and excuse himself, and offered to sit again, but — declined. Since then the Duke told Mortimer the silversmith he would sit again. I like this, as it is amiable ; but — would not accept it. . . .

“Kendal (the Duke's valet) was present at the Duke's rage with — in the hall at Strathfieldsaye. He said the Duke lifted both his hands above his white head, and cursed all sculptors and painters, declaring he had sat 400,000 times to artists.”

Haydon's criticisms on art are generally excellent, though expressed with a little too much fierceness of style. Whenever he is not himself concerned, his judgments are fair and candid ; and he betrays little or no petty jealousy of other men's skill, though he is often bitterly annoyed at their success as contrasted with his own comparative failure. Indeed it is astonishing that a mind so acute and discriminating, and possessing in so high a degree the general *critical* faculty, could have been so ludicrously incapable of estimating his own powers, or of entering into the impression which his violent self-will and eccentricities must produce on those whom he wished to please or move. We conclude with his remarks on two artists of no little celebrity in their day, thinking them, as a whole, very just :

“Martin has a curious picture of the Creation—God creating the sun and the moon,—which is a total failure, from his ignorance of the associations and habits of the mind.

“No being in a human shape has ever exceeded eight feet. Therefore, to put a human being with a hand extended, and a large shining circular flat body not much larger than the thing shaped like a human hand and four fingers, and call that body the sun, makes one laugh ; for no effort can get over the idea that it is not larger than a hand. And the Creator, so far from being grand, looks no larger than a human being, and the sun looks like a shilling. It can't be otherwise ; and no association can ever get over the relative proportions of a hand, and what is not bigger than a hand. It is no use to say that hand is a mile long. No effort of the mind can entertain such a notion : besides, it is the grossest of all gross ideas to make the power and essence of the Creator depend on size. His nature might be comprehended in an ordinary-sized brain, and it is vulgar to make him striding across a horizon, and say the horizon is fifty miles long. It is contrary to human experience, and the Creator, so far from being large, makes the horizon look little ; for this is a natural result when a being with legs, arms, hands, beard, face, is seen stretching across it. When Martin diminished his buildings to a point, put specks for human beings ; then there was no improbability that his rooms might be, for aught we know, forty miles long, his doors six miles high, his windows a mile across, or his second floor

two miles and three quarters above his first floor—tight work for the servants if they slept in the attics. They must have had depôts of night-candles by the way. Martin, in looking at his Babylon with a friend of mine, said: ‘I mean that tower to be seven miles high.’ The association is preposterous. There is nothing grand in a man stepping from York to Lancaster; but when he makes a great Creator fifteen inches, paints a sun the size of a bank token, draws a line for the sea, and makes one leg of God in it and the other above, and says, ‘There, that horizon is twenty miles long, and therefore God’s leg must be sixteen relatively to the horizon,’ the artist really deserves as much pity as the poorest maniac in Bedlam.’ . . .

“Lawrence is dead—to portrait-painting a great loss. Certainly there is no man left who thinks it worth while, if he were able, to devote his powers to the elevation of common-place faces.

“He was suited to the age, and the age to him. He flattered its vanities, pampered its weaknesses, and met its meretricious taste.

“His men were all gentlemen, with an air of fashion and the dandyism of high life; his women were delicate, but not modest—beautiful, but not natural. They appear to look that they may be looked at, and to languish for the sake of sympathy. They have not that air of virtue and breeding which ever sat upon the women of Reynolds.

“Reynolds’ women seem as unconscious of their beauty as innocent in thought and pure in expression—as if they shrank even from being painted. They are beings to be met with reverence, and addressed with timidity. To Lawrence’s women, on the contrary, you feel disposed to march up like a dandy, and offer your services, with a cock of your hat, and a ‘d——e, will that do?’ Whatever characteristics of the lovely sex Lawrence perpetuated, modesty was certainly one he entirely missed.

“As an artist he will not rank high in the opinion of posterity. He was not ignorant of the figure, but he drew with great incorrectness, because he drew to suit the fashion of the season. If necks were to be long, breasts full, waists small, and toes pointed, Sir Thomas was too well bred to hesitate. His necks are therefore often hideously long, his waists small, his chests puffed and his ankles tapered. He had no eye for colour. His tint was opaque, not livid, his cheeks were rouged, his lips like the lips of a lay-figure. There was nothing of the red and white which nature’s own sweet and cunning hand laid on. His bloom was the bloom of the perfumer. Of composition he knew scarcely any thing; and perhaps in the whole circle of art there never was a more lamentable proof of these deficiencies than in his last portrait of the king.

“Twenty years ago his pictures (as Fuseli used to say) were like the scrapings of a tin-shop, full of little sparkling bits of light, which destroyed all repose. But after his visit to Italy, the improvement which took place was an honour to his talents. His latter pictures are by far his best. His great excellence was neither colour, drawing, composition, light and shade, or perspective; for he

was hardly ever above mediocrity in any of these; but expression, both in figure and feature. Perhaps no man that ever lived contrived to catch the fleeting beauties of a face to the exact point, though a little affected, better than Lawrence. The head of Miss Croker is the finest example in the world. He did not keep his sitters unanimated and lifeless, but by interesting their feelings, he brought out the expression which was excited by the pleasure they felt.

"As a man, Sir Thomas Lawrence was amiable, kind, generous, and forgiving. His manner was elegant, but not high-bred. He had too much the air of always submitting. He had smiled so often and so long, that at last his smile had the appearance of being set in enamel. He indulged the hope of painting history in his day; but, as Romney did, and Chantrey will, he died before he began; and he is another proof, if proof were wanting, that creative genius is not a passive quality, that can be laid aside or taken up as it suits the convenience of the possessor."

SHORT NOTICES.

Rich and Poor, or Lady Adela and Grumbling Molly (Burns and Lambert), is the title of the third in the series of tales and narratives which is being given to the public by the editors of the Clifton Tracts; and, on the whole, we certainly think it the most entirely successful. We will not forestall the pleasure our readers will have in its perusal by giving any account of the story, which is, in fact, a mere sketch, its chief interest consisting in the delineation of character. The object of the tale seems to be to exemplify the real Christian virtue of holy poverty, to which our Blessed Lord has annexed the first beatitude; and which, as its seat is in the spirit, may exist in the midst of an abundance of worldly goods, and may also be deficient where all worldly goods are lacking. This poverty in the midst of riches is beautifully exhibited in the character of Lady Adela; while those vices most diametrically opposed to poverty are shown forth in the person of a common beggar. And in another character, too slightly sketched, and which we could have wished to see further developed as a pendant to Lady Adela, the poverty of spirit and of circumstances are united.

We must confess that we were rather disappointed at the sudden way in which the story is brought to a conclusion. Indeed, we are inclined, on several accounts, to regret the narrow limits within which the tale is contracted, for there is matter in it sufficient for much greater development; and a little more variety of incident and detail in the working out of the characters would have made this charming little book considerably more attractive, and raised it altogether to a higher level as a work of fiction. As it is, however, it is a delightful addition to our list of Catholic story-books, and we strongly recommend it to our readers. Nor must we pass over in silence the little dramatic piece which is added to it: *Flowers for the Altar, or Play and Earnest*. This is a kind of composition which we should be glad to see more cultivated among us; and this little specimen makes us greatly desire to be favoured with others by the same author; for it is at once elegant and fanciful, and full of high-toned Christian feeling.

We are glad to hear that the theological inaccuracy in *Lucy Ward* which we noticed in our last, has been cancelled in the unsold copies of the book.

E. S. A. has continued, and, as he assures us, *concluded*, his *Welsh Sketches* (London, J. Darling) in a third series. This last volume is more bulky than its predecessors, and is one of the cheapest little books we have seen for a long time;—200 closely-printed pages of very interesting historical and antiquarian matter connected with Wales, both in its civil and ecclesiastical relations, for a shilling. The historical portion of the volume belongs principally to Edward the Black Prince; but by far the most interesting chapters are those on medieval bardism and the Welsh church. A subject incidentally introduced into his discussion of the former topic should not have been dismissed in a single paragraph: “That was a cruel calumny,” he says, “in the report of the Education Commissioners, a few years ago, which represented the Welsh population as sunk in deplorable ignorance. In religious knowledge they are not deficient. In the old Catholic days Giraldus extols the fervour of their piety, and in Protestant times the love of this people has not waxed cold.” We are afraid “the cruel calumny” complained of will outlive E. S. A.’s pathetic laments over its injustice. There may be other parts of England which deserve an equal degree of reproach; but unless we are grossly misinformed, the immorality of that part of the kingdom is frightful.

Catholic Statistics, 1823 to 1853 (Richardson and Son), contain a clear tabular statement of the progressive increase of Catholic chapels, colleges, religious houses, and clergy, during the last thirty years; together with some rather miscellaneous extracts from the apostolical letters establishing the hierarchy; the archiepiscopal pastoral announcing its establishment; the *Cæleste Palmetum* upon the nature and constitution of the Christian Church; and Father Huddleston’s account of the reception into the Church of King Charles II. on his death-bed!

Kate Geary, or Irish Life in London (Dolman), originally appeared in successive numbers of our own magazine; so that it is not for us to enter at much length into a description of its merits. We may be allowed to say, however, that we rejoice to see the several chapters collected and published in a separate volume. In the delineation of the Irish character—by far the most successful feature of the book—the authoress eminently excels; and we cannot but hope that such a vivid and truthful description of misery, really existing in the heart of our great metropolis, will do much towards awakening the sympathy of Catholics in the bodily and spiritual destitution of so many of our brethren in the faith. To this end we greatly desire that this little volume should obtain, as it deserves, so extensive a circulation as to encourage the authoress not to allow her able pen to remain long inactive. We may add, that a new chapter has been introduced into this edition, besides many minor alterations in other parts of the work. We can heartily recommend it to our readers.

We live in a land where heresy and infidelity have swept away well-nigh all the external charms of religion; and with them religion itself has gone from the hearts of the people. *The Old Village Church*, by M. A. Motler (Richardson and Son), is an attempt to bring before the mind of the reader, by means of description and contrast, a picture of what things were “in the olden time.” The sacrifice, the solemn worship, the ceremonies so full of meaning and instruction, the joyful festivals, the adoring multitudes, taught and made holy by what was seen

and heard and done in the house of God, are here painted with great devotional feeling and warmth of colouring, with the view of imparting to Catholics a more intimate knowledge and a keener relish of the mysterious beauties and deep significance of the externals of their holy religion.

This is a fair average number of the *Dublin Review* (Richardson.) The first article is a sketch of the process against M. Libri, for his alleged pillage of the best Mss. from some of the public libraries of France. It is the work of a clear-headed man, and makes out a triumphant case for the accused, but will probably be found rather dry by the general reader. The second article, on the Turco-Russian question, solves the difficulty between the spurred-and-booted Pontiff of the Eastern schism on the one hand, and the successor of Mahomet on the other, by suggesting that France should convert Russia, and then let it have what it likes. This is certainly a bright idea: if it fails, we suggest, as the *δεύτερος πλοῦς*, that the two combatants should enact the part of the Kilkenny cats. Next, we have reviews of Layard's *Nineveh and Babylon*, and of De Sauley's travels in Bible lands. The fifth article contains an interesting collection of instances of inconsistencies between the law of England and moral right. The sixth, incomparably the best in the number, is very happily called "our Ministry of Public Instruction;" and will be recognised, we think, as the work of an eminently gifted writer. It shows very amusingly that the principle of the press being to provide not what is true but what pays, of course it simply supplies the demand, and crams the public with a Thyestean banquet of their own lies. The last article, on Dr. Whately and the board of Irish National Education, gives a valuable record of the late dispute, and shows up the exhibitions of bad taste into which not exactly the *spretæ injuria formæ*, but the injury of a despised authorship, has led the eccentric prelate. On the whole, this number well sustains the character of our Quarterly Review.

England, Greece, or Rome (York, Browne; London, Little), is a sensible letter from a recent convert to an Anglican friend, on the necessity of submission to the Catholic Church. It is very short, and therefore does not take any very extended view of the controversy. Indeed, the writer only argues with those who admit an external and infallible guide, whose office it is to tell us what the Scriptures mean. He supposes that such a guide can only be found either in the Anglican theory, in the Greek schism, or in the Roman Catholic Church; and proves, by arguments which are none the worse for not being new, that the last is the only one that is what it professes to be. Why, however, the Anglican theory should be symbolised by England, we don't quite see. If England stands for any religious idea at all, it represents private judgment, pure and simple. Rome stands for a great fact; so also perhaps Greece; but to appropriate the word *England* to the theory of a handful of Puseyites, is to admit the pretensions of the three tailors of Tooley-street, who began the declaration of the rights of man with the words, "We, the People of England."

The third and last volume of *the Life of the Blessed Paul of the Cross* (Richardson and Son) has now appeared; and in a supplement of about 150 pages there are many interesting letters from Father Dominic, Father Ignatius, and others, illustrating the way in which the congregation of the Passionists, which he founded, was first introduced into our own country. The life of this Saint cannot fail to be peculiarly interesting

to all Englishmen. We gave instances in a former number of the devotion which was felt by blessed Paul himself for the conversion of this country ; and the zeal of Father Dominic and of Father Ignatius in the same cause are known to all.

An Essay on the Identity of the Scene of Man's Creation, Fall, and Redemption, by the Rev. W. Henderson (Richardson and Son), is a very ingenious attempt to prove that the Paradise of pleasure in which our first parents were placed was the same spot as that which was afterwards the scene of our Saviour's sufferings. This theory is maintained by an appeal to "probability, analogy, and facts;" and however unreasonable any of our readers may at first be disposed to consider it, we think they will be surprised to see how much can be alleged in its favour. The old rabbinical tradition, mentioned by many of the fathers, that Adam was buried on the hill of Calvary ; the medieval legend, to be found in Jacobo de Voragine and others, that the pool of Bethsaida owed its miraculous powers to its contact with the tree of life ; and that the wood of the true cross was produced from that original stock ; the choice of Palestine to be the land of the children of Israel, and the miracles by which this portion of the divine counsels was carried into effect ; these, and many other particulars, are very ingeniously used in support of the hypothesis advocated in these pages ; and certainly, as the author himself observes, if he has not succeeded in establishing his point, at least no other hypothesis on the subject admits of demonstration. Mr. Henderson is not ignorant of the *primâ facie* difficulties which may be urged against his theory ; but we must refer our readers to the pamphlet itself to see how he disposes of them.

We have received the *First Half-yearly Report of the Cork Young Men's Society* (Cork, J. Roche), by which we have been much interested. In a leading article of our number for *June*, as well as on many previous occasions, the establishment of associations of this kind was strongly recommended ; and their value and importance becomes daily more and more obvious. We do not remember, however, to have seen in the Rules of any similar Society, any thing exactly analogous to the first four rules that appear in this report, and should have been inclined to question their wisdom, had they been strictly enforced. We gather however from the report that this is not the case ; "the rule of monthly confession," for example, "has *not* been strictly or inquisitorially enforced;" and as the society numbers more than 500 members, and we are told that about 250 received Holy Communion on the festival of St. Thomas of Aquin, it is clear that the second rule also receives in practice an equally liberal interpretation. We are glad of this ; for otherwise it appears to us that the action of the society would have been much impeded, and a very undesirable limit set to its means of usefulness. Of course it were much to be wished that all the young men of Cork should be in the habit of going to confession once a month, or oftener, and that they should be ready and eager to approach Holy Communion at certain specified times ; but we would not willingly see habits of this kind made the conditions of admission to the use of a Catholic Library and Reading-Room. There is a very long step between the state of things described in the report—"the young men having literally no place of resort but a cigar divan, and no reading-room but a tavern,"—and the formation of the same young men into an oratory or religious confraternity. We observe also that most of the lectures which have been delivered to this society have been of a directly religious character ; this however has evidently arisen from the difficulty of ob-

taining lecturers rather than from any settled design on the part of the promoters of the institution, since the rules expressly contemplate lectures on *Religious, Philosophical, Scientific or Literary subjects*. We have called attention to these features in the Report for the sake of those who may be engaged in establishing similar associations elsewhere; in every other respect the Cork Young Men's Society seems to present as good a model as could be desired, and we should be glad to hear that it was being generally imitated in all our large cities and towns, both in England and Ireland.

Some Account of the Monastic Institute, as shewn forth in the Rule and Customs of the Cistercian Order, by the Rev. J. Wyse (Richardson and Son), has the high merit of coming directly from the heart; and gives a very touching and edifying description of the external and internal life of a Cistercian monk. The writer almost persuades his readers that even for temporal happiness, for health, and equanimity, the institute he admires is superior to any thing the world has to offer; and for its social advantages and moral lessons he shews it to be invaluable. We wish we had the means of putting this little book into the hands of all those butterfly tourists who, in the fine season, throng the ruins of Tintern, Rievaulx, and Fountains, and who, in the enthusiasm of the moment, might be tempted to read it to the no small profit of their souls.

We are rejoiced to see a third edition of *Loss and Gain, or the Story of a Convert* (Dublin: J. Duffy). It seems to be accurately printed, and altogether to be very nicely got up; and its price is about a third less than that of the former editions.

Correspondence.

THE ORTHOGRAPHY OF ST. TERESA'S NAME.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—I should feel much obliged if you would allow me to state, that the correct way of spelling St. Teresa's name is not with the *h*, but without it. In her letters the Saint always styles herself "Teresa de Jesus." Monsignor Weld has the happiness of possessing St. Teresa's autograph; the name is spelt without the *h*. The Bollandists spell it in the same way. The Rev. Father Bouix, in his recent and excellent translation of the Saint's "Life" into French, has restored the correct orthography. These are his words: "Nous avons restitué au nom de Tère-se sa véritable orthographe. La sainte, ainsi que les autographes le démontrent, n'a jamais mis d'*h* dans son nom. Ses historiens l'ont écrit comme elle; tous les auteurs espagnols ont fait de même." (*Avertissement du Traducteur.*)

In most of our English works and periodicals the Saint's name is written with the *h*—Theresa. This mode of spelling was no doubt adopted from the French; but it is evidently incorrect.

I am, sir,

Your sincere servant,

JOHN DALTON.

Northampton, Oct. 5, 1853.

Levey, Robson, and Franklyn, Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

The Rambler.

PART LXXII.

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To Correspondents.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT; but communications intended for the Editor himself should be addressed to the care of Mr. READER, 9 Park Street, Bristol.